

# AIR FIGHTERS COMICS

NOVEMBER  
Latest War  
Thrills! 10¢

IT'S  
**VALKYRIE,**  
**AIRBOY--**  
AND THE  
**AIRMAIDENS**  
ARE WITH ME!!  
NOT EVEN SKYWOLF,  
THE IRON ACE, BLACK  
ANGEL OR FLYING  
DUTCHMAN CAN  
SAVE YOU NOW!





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# AIRBOY



**I**S AIRBOY A COWARD? CAN IT BE THAT HE HAS COME FACE TO FACE WITH FEAR? --NOT THE ORDINARY FEAR THAT OTHER MEN KNOW--BUT A TERROR THAT SCORCHES THE LIVING HEART.... FOR THIS FEAR IS NOT UGLY --IT IS BEAUTIFUL -- AS BEAUTIFUL AS A GIRL WHO CALLS HERSELF VALKYRIE! SHE IS NOT HUMAN --HER HEART IS AS BLACK AS THE DEVIL'S.... AND UNDER HER SPELL, AIRBOY FACES THE MOST TERRIFYING ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER!!

KIDA  
QUACKENBUSH

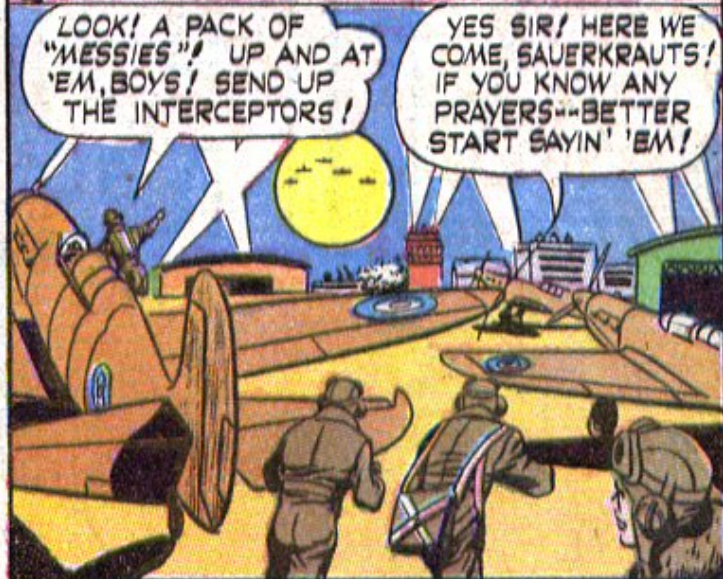
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**NIGHT--A SQUADRON OF NAZI SHIPS KNIFE THROUGH THE DARKNESS TOWARDS LONDON--**



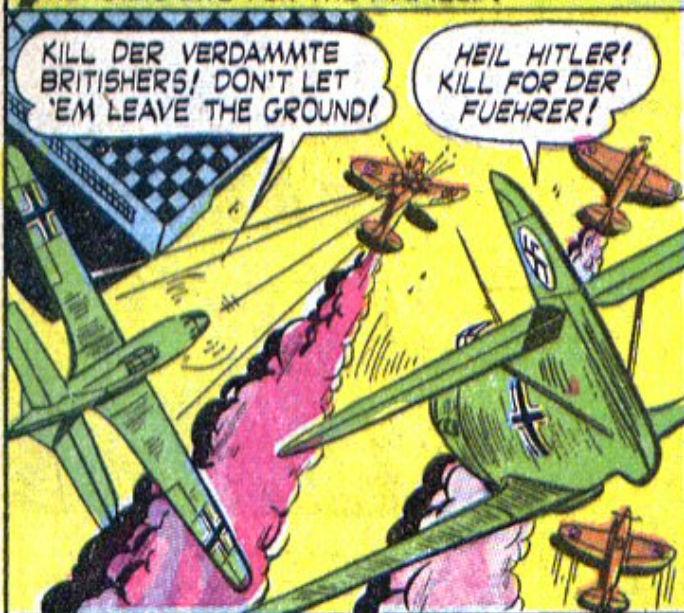
**AT AN R.A.F. AIRFIELD, OUTSIDE LONDON--**



LOOK! A PACK OF "MESSIES"! UP AND AT 'EM, BOYS! SEND UP THE INTERCEPTORS!

YES SIR! HERE WE COME, SAUERKRAUTS! IF YOU KNOW ANY PRAYERS--BETTER START SAYIN' 'EM!

**THE NAZIS DIVE FOR THE AIRFIELD!**



KILL DER VERDAMMTE BRITISHERS! DON'T LET 'EM LEAVE THE GROUND!

HEIL HITLER! KILL FOR DER FUEHRER!

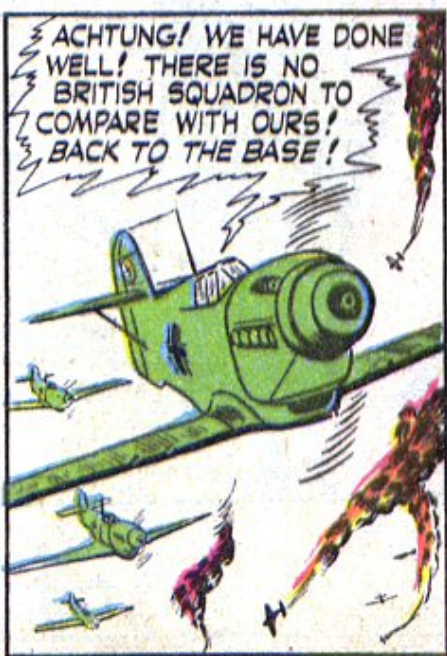
**HA-HA! THIS IS LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!**



YEOW! THESE BLIGHTERS CAN FLY BLAST THEM!



IT'S TOO LATE, MEN! THEY'VE DONE THEIR DAMAGE, AND THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! GAD! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH FLYING!--



ACHTUNG! WE HAVE DONE WELL! THERE IS NO BRITISH SQUADRON TO COMPARE WITH OURS! BACK TO THE BASE!



**AS THE VICTORIOUS NAZIS COME TO THE AIRFIELD--**

AH! HERE DEY COME! LET'S HEAR HOW DEY HAFF DONE!





HEIL HITLER! HOW HAVE WE DONE TONIGHT, VALKYRIE?

EXCELLENTLY, HERR OBERST! WE STRAFED THE FIELD AND SHOT DOWN TWENTY OF THEIR CRAFT!



VONDERBAR! DEN MY AIRMAIDEN SQUADRON ISS A SUCCESS! WE SHALL SHOW DER WORLD THE TYPE OF GIRLHOOD GERMANY HAS!

YES! AND I, VALKYRIE, SHALL BE THE GREAT MASTER OF THE AIR!



I SHALL FACE AIRBOY AS THE CREAM OF GERMAN YOUTH!-- WE SHALL SEE HOW INVINCIBLE HE IS-- HA!



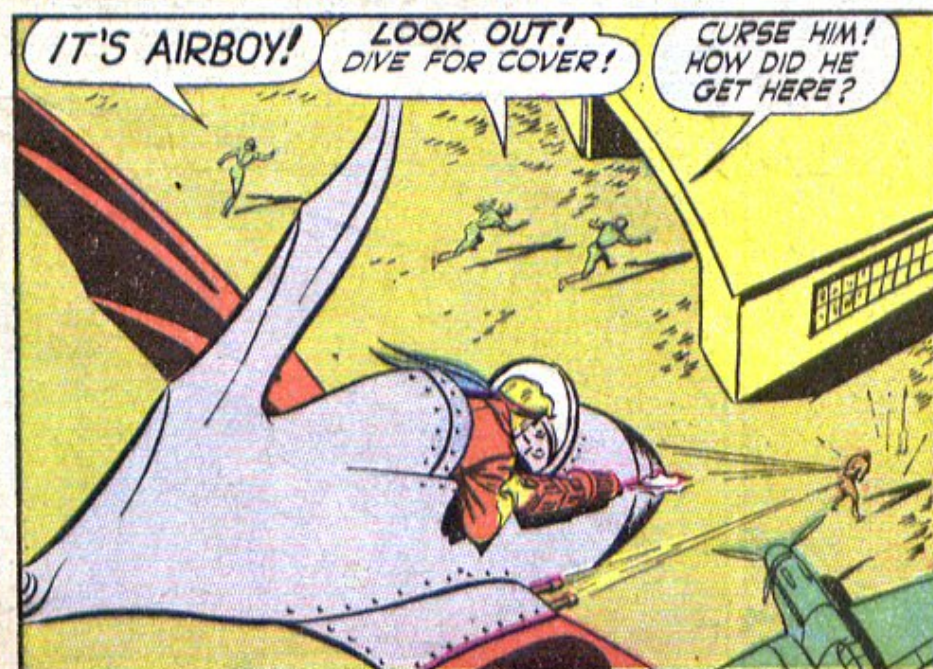
INDEED! YOU ARE A TRUE GERMAN! UND I HAFF MOULDED YOU INTO A GREAT FLIER! DER FUEHRER IS PLEASED!

THANK YOU! MY LIFE BE-LONGS TO THE FUEHRER! HE IS OUR SUN!



LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! COMING THIS WAY!

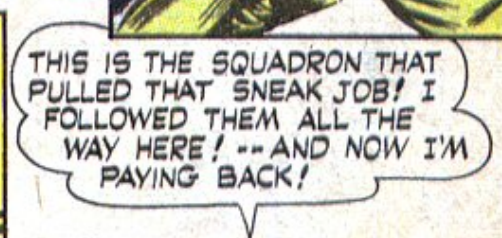
WHY-- IT'S-- IT'S--



IT'S AIRBOY!

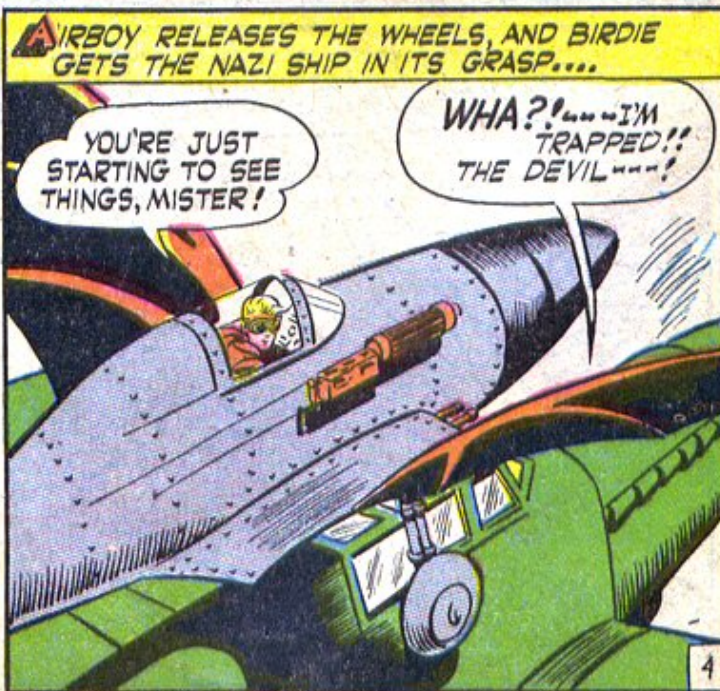
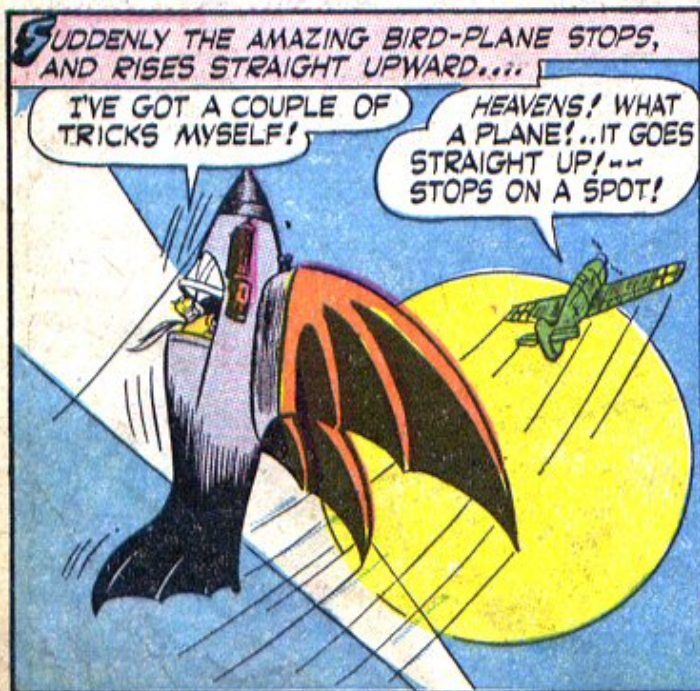
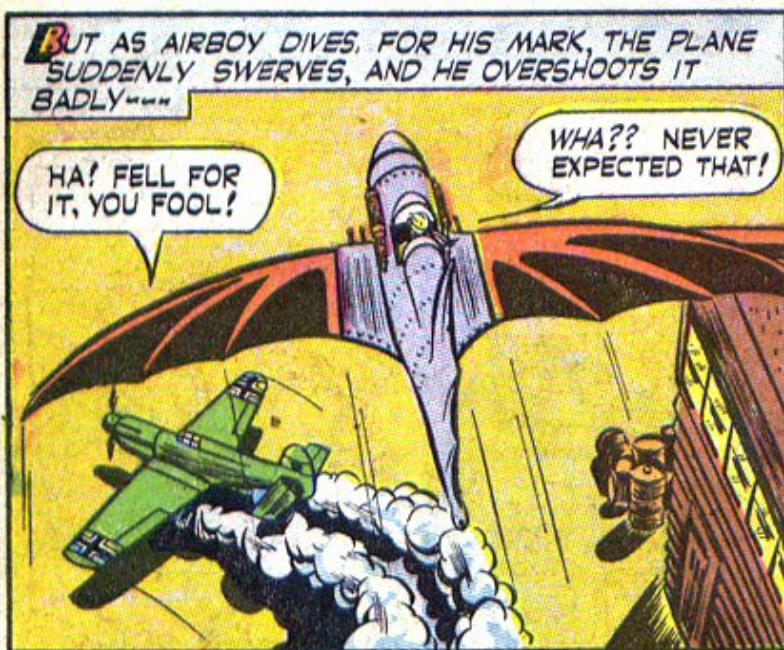
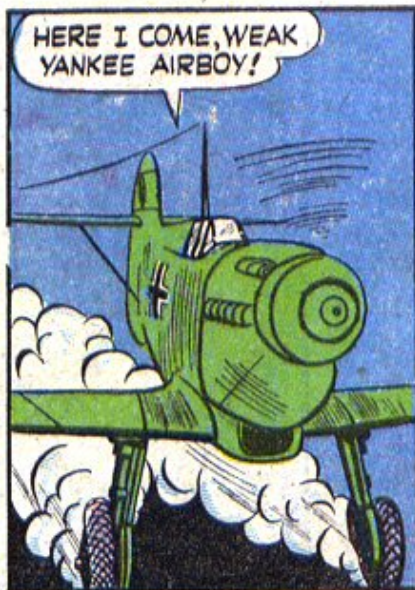
LOOK OUT! DIVE FOR COVER!

CURSE HIM! HOW DID HE GET HERE?

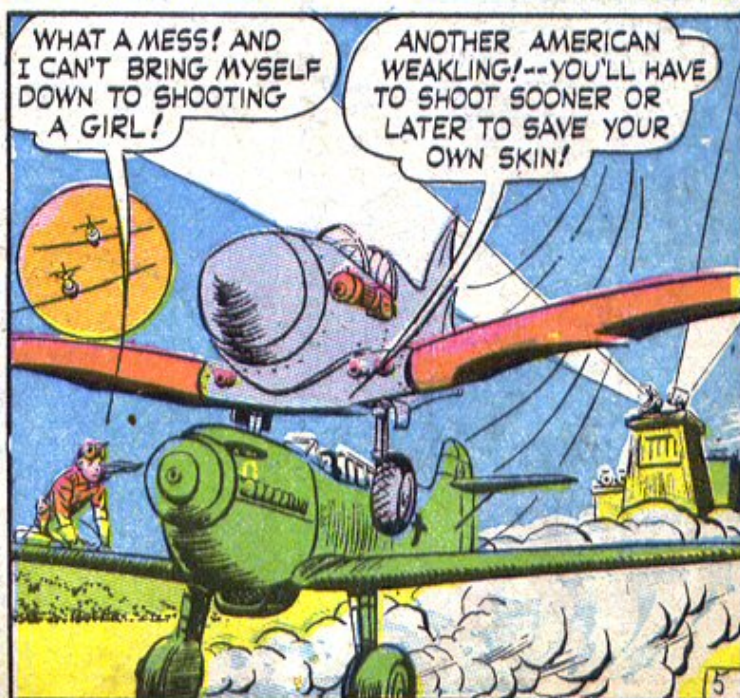
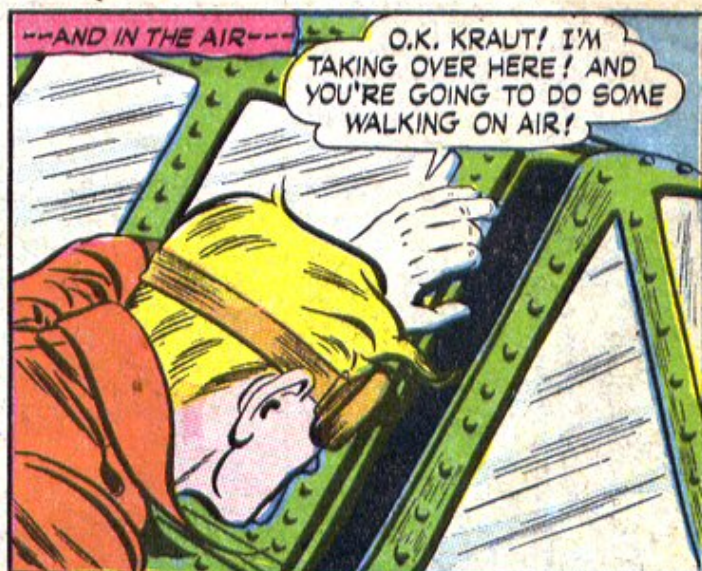


THIS IS THE SQUADRON THAT PULLED THAT SNEAK JOB! I FOLLOWED THEM ALL THE WAY HERE!-- AND NOW I'M PAYING BACK!





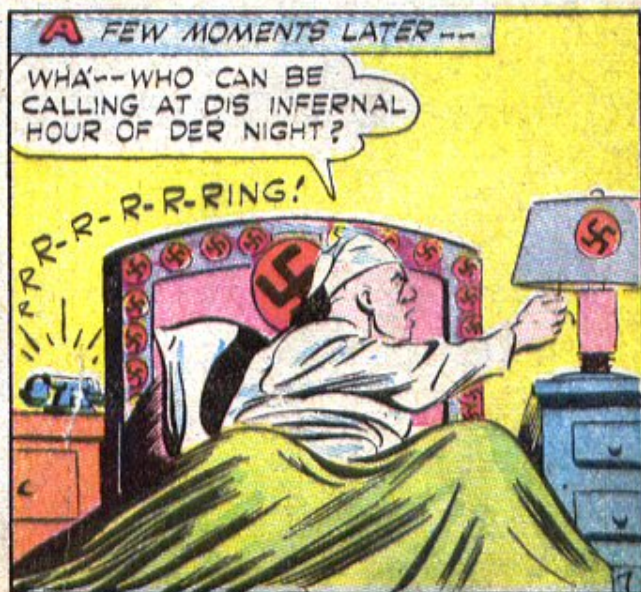
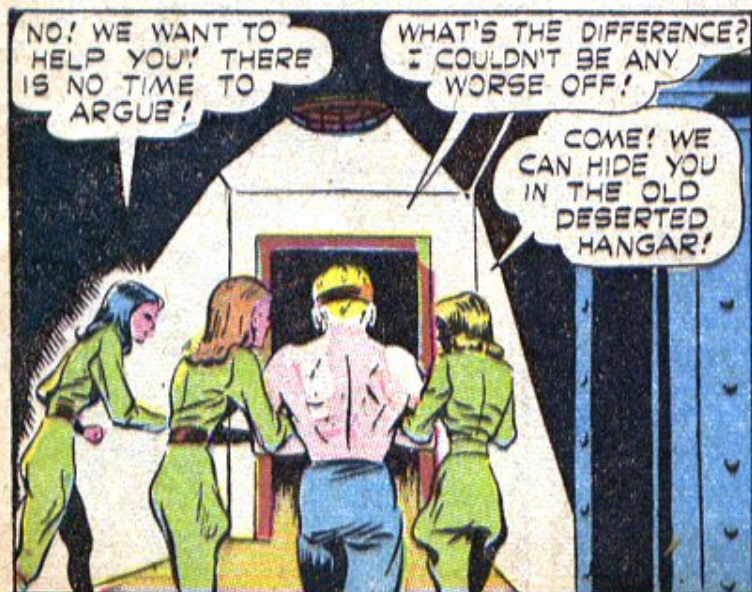
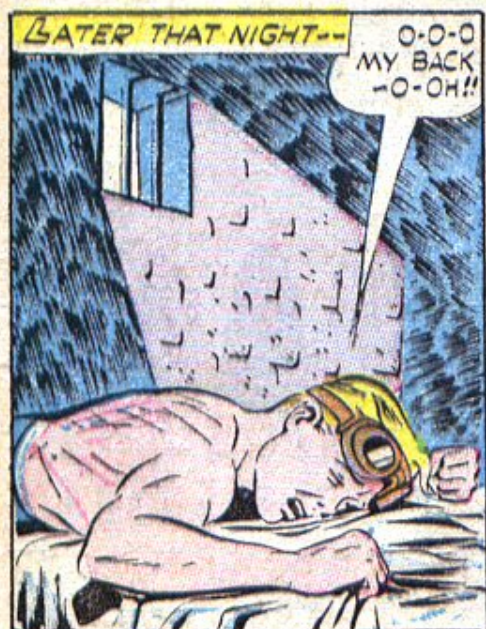














**VOT? DUMBKOPFS!**  
HOW COULD HE HAFF  
ESCAPED? HE COULD NOT,  
UNLESS YOU VAS ASLEEP!  
VAIT! I VILL BE  
RIGHT DERE!



BUT VE CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND!  
SOMEONE MUST  
HAFF HELPED  
HIM!

VELL, IF HE  
ISS NOT  
FOUND, YOU  
SHALL TAKE  
HIS PLACE ON  
DER RACK! VAIT!  
VOT ISS DIS??



**QUIET!** WE MUST NOT  
AWAKE THE OTHERS! WE  
WOULD BE SHOT!



**THE LIGHTS!**  
WHO--OHH!

**HA! SO IT VAS YOU!**  
VERE HAFF YOU HIDDEN  
AIRBOY? SPEAK UP!

VE DON'T  
KNOW VOT  
YOU ARE  
TALKING  
ABOUT!



WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED?

AIRBOY HASS ESCAPED!  
UND YOUR FRIENDS HERE  
WERE JUST CAUGHT PROWLING!  
WELL, GIRLS, VERE  
ISS HE?



VE DO NOT KNOW, I  
TELL YOU--OOPF!!

**FOOL! TRAITOR!**  
TELL HIM  
QUICKLY!

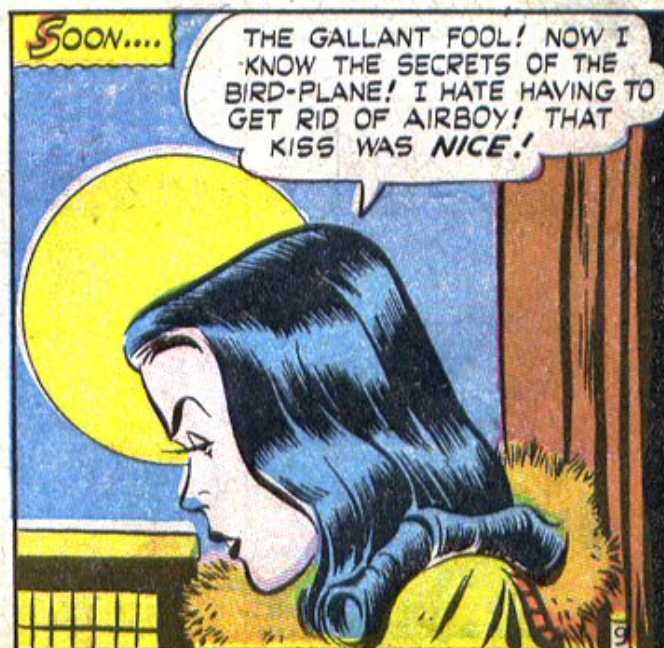
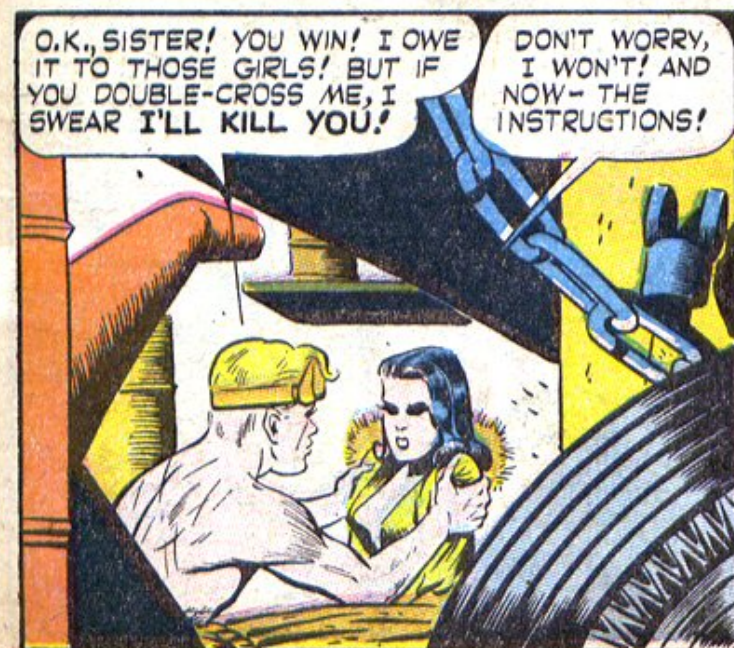
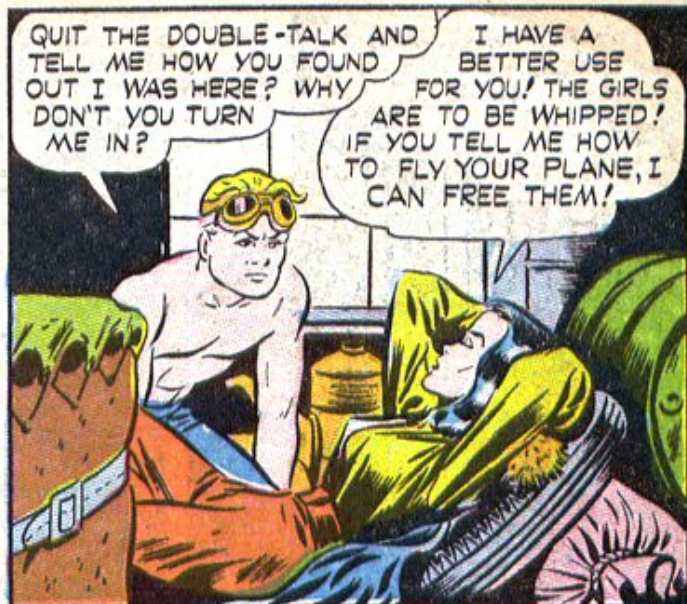
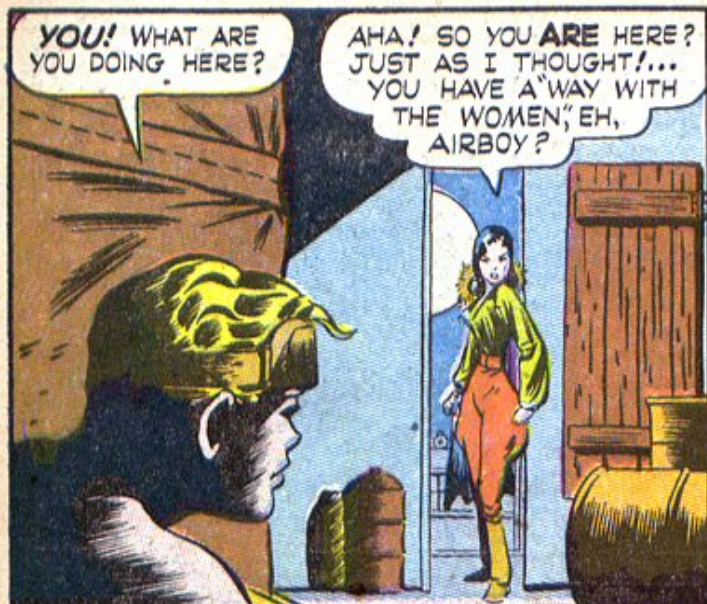


PAH! I VILL NOT HAFF  
SENTIMENTAL FOOLS IN  
MY SQUADRON! TAKE  
THEM AWAY! IN DER  
MORNING DEY VILL  
BE WHIPPED!

THEY'RE MY  
FRIENDS! I  
MUST HELP THEM!  
HMM--I THINK I  
KNOW WHERE THEY  
WOULD HIDE AIRBOY!



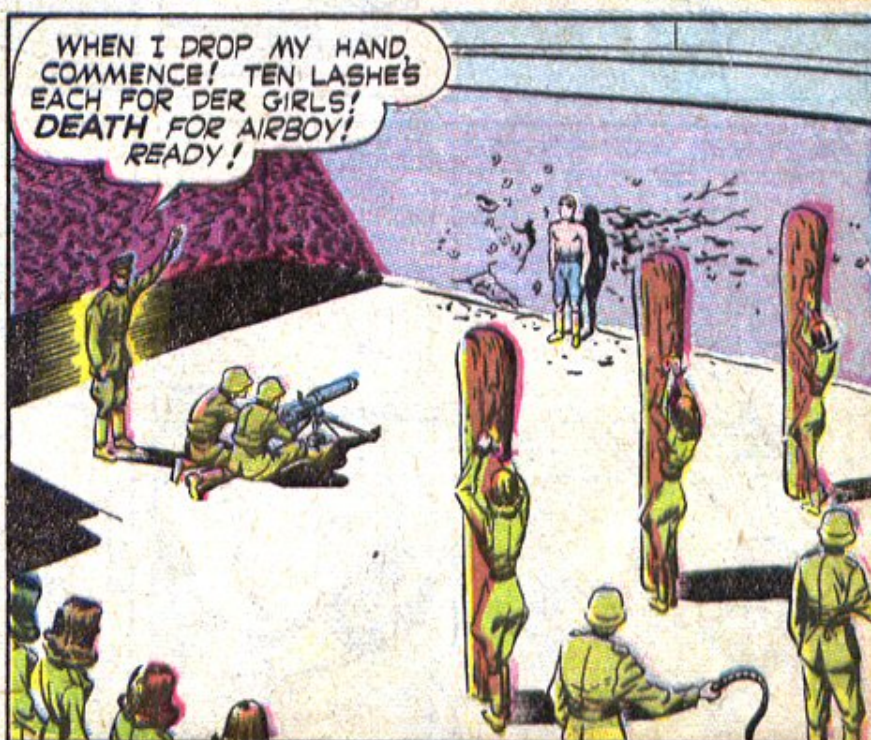
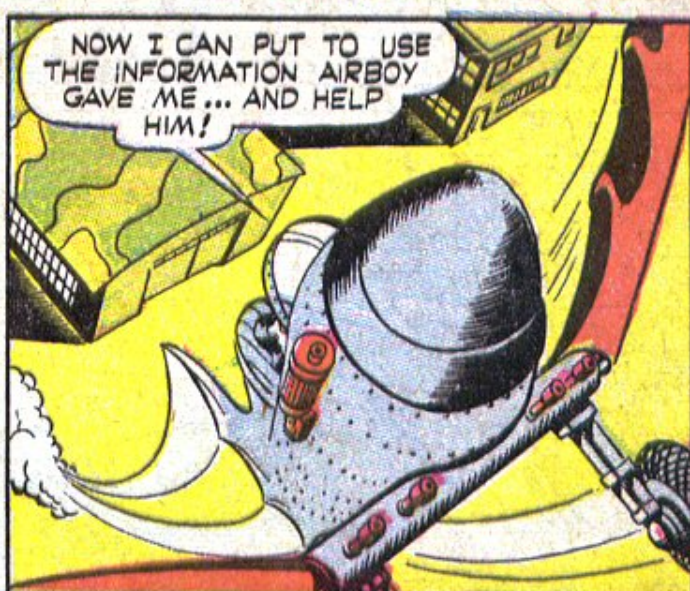




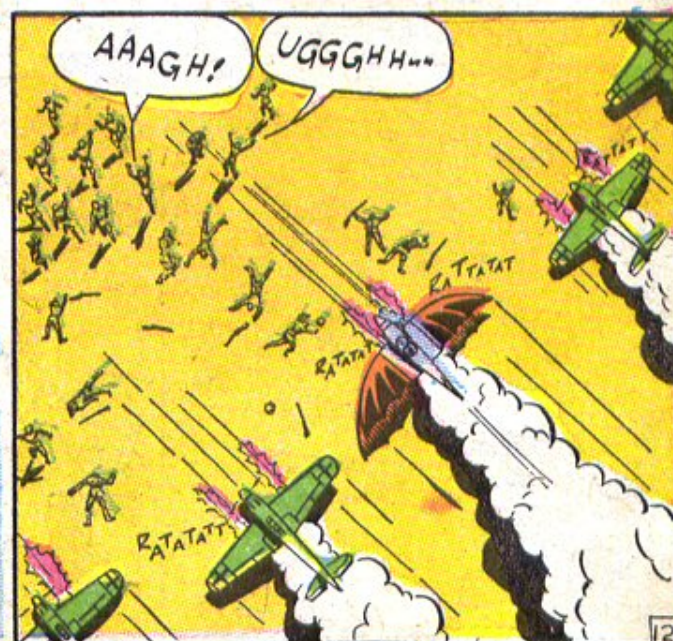
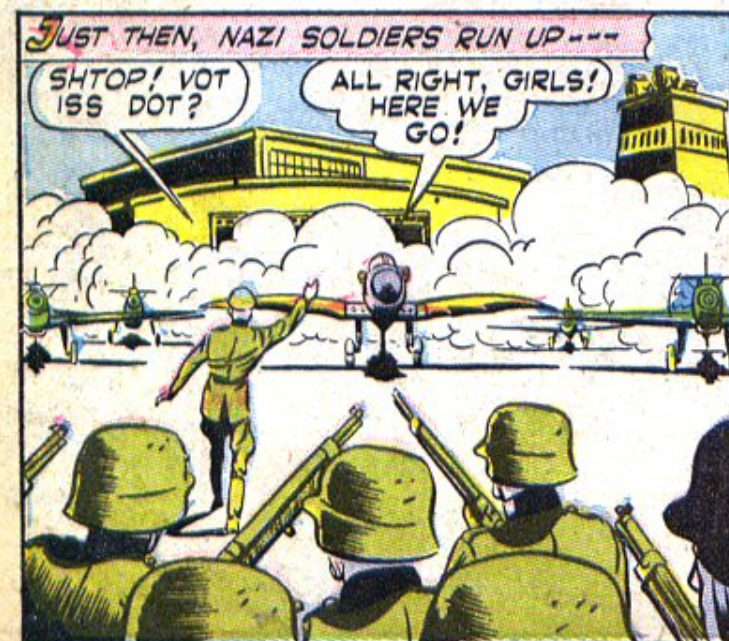
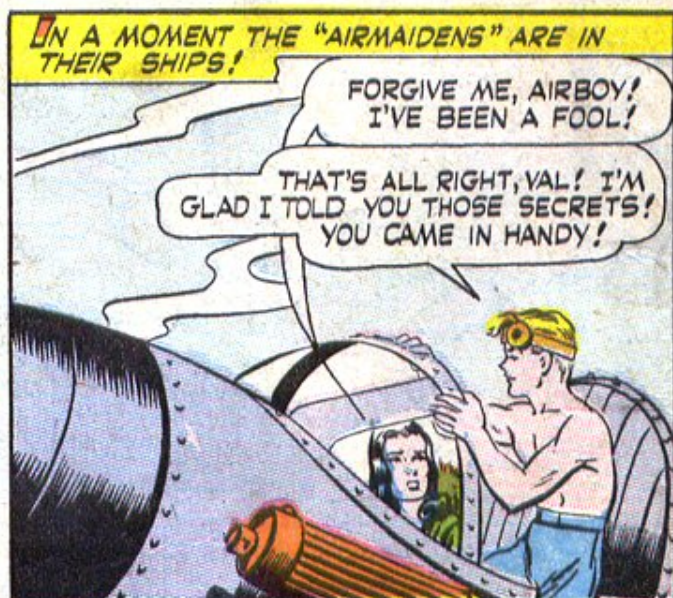
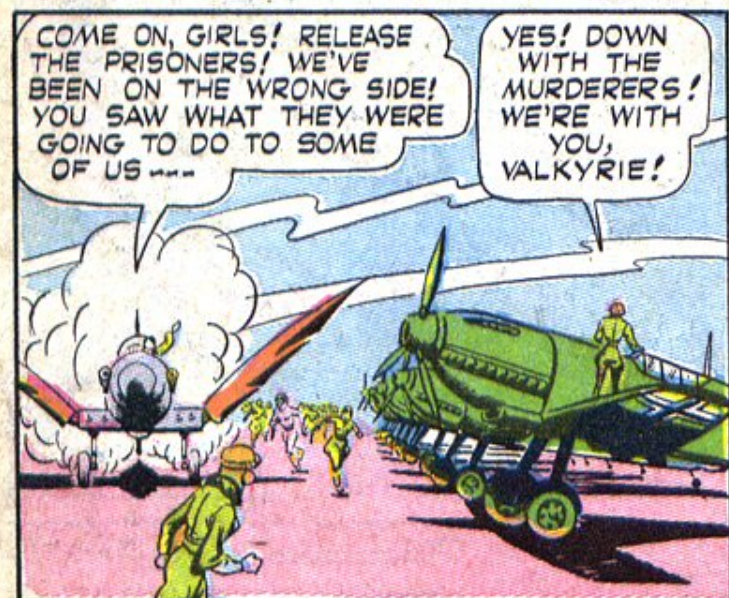
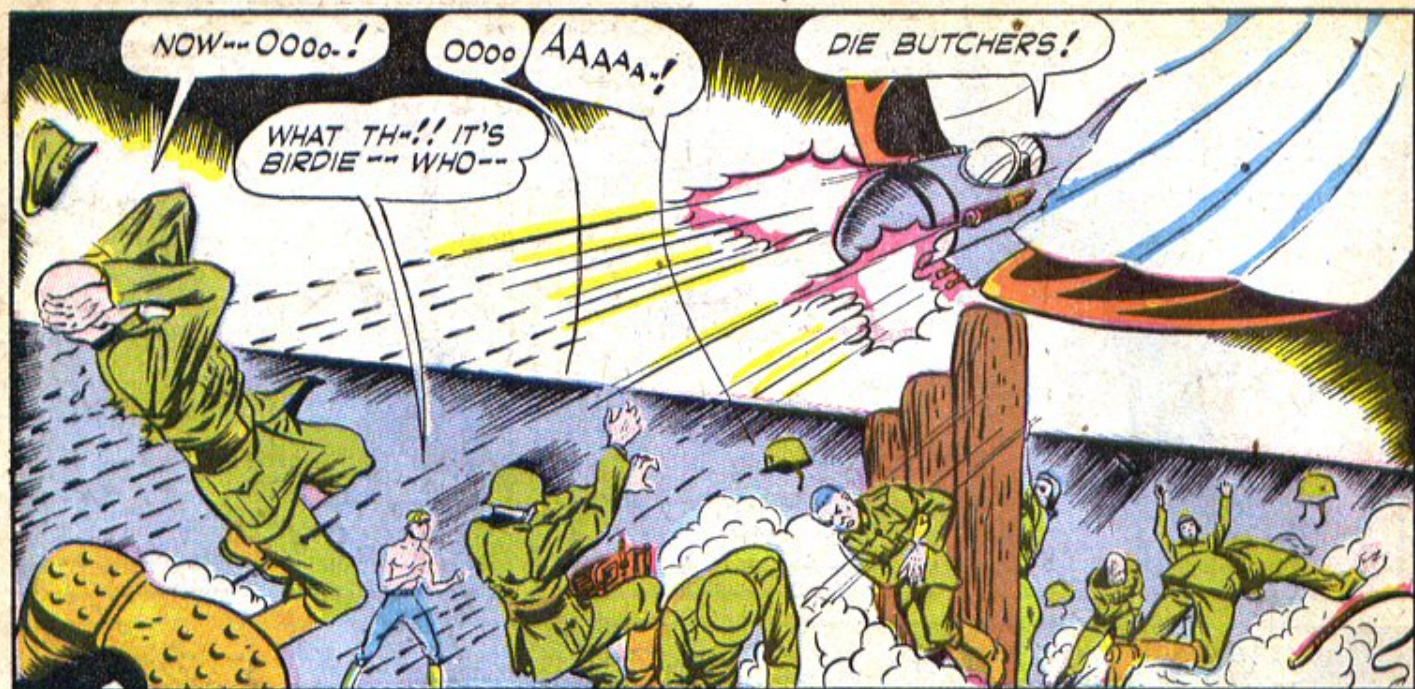










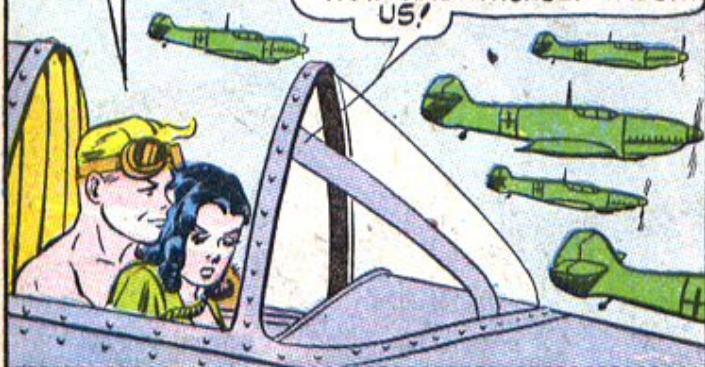




**THE SQUADRON TAKES TO THE AIR!**

WELL, VALKYRIE, YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! THAT MAKES UP FOR THE WHIPPING!

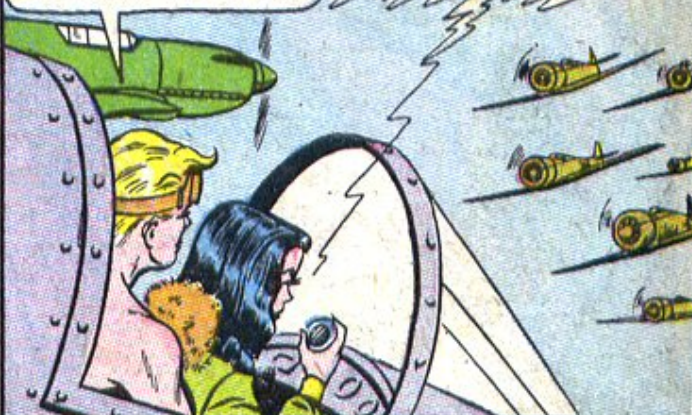
NO IT DOESN'T! I CAN NEVER MAKE UP FOR THAT! IT WAS ALL A PART OF THE BARBARISM THAT WAS WRONGLY TAUGHT US!



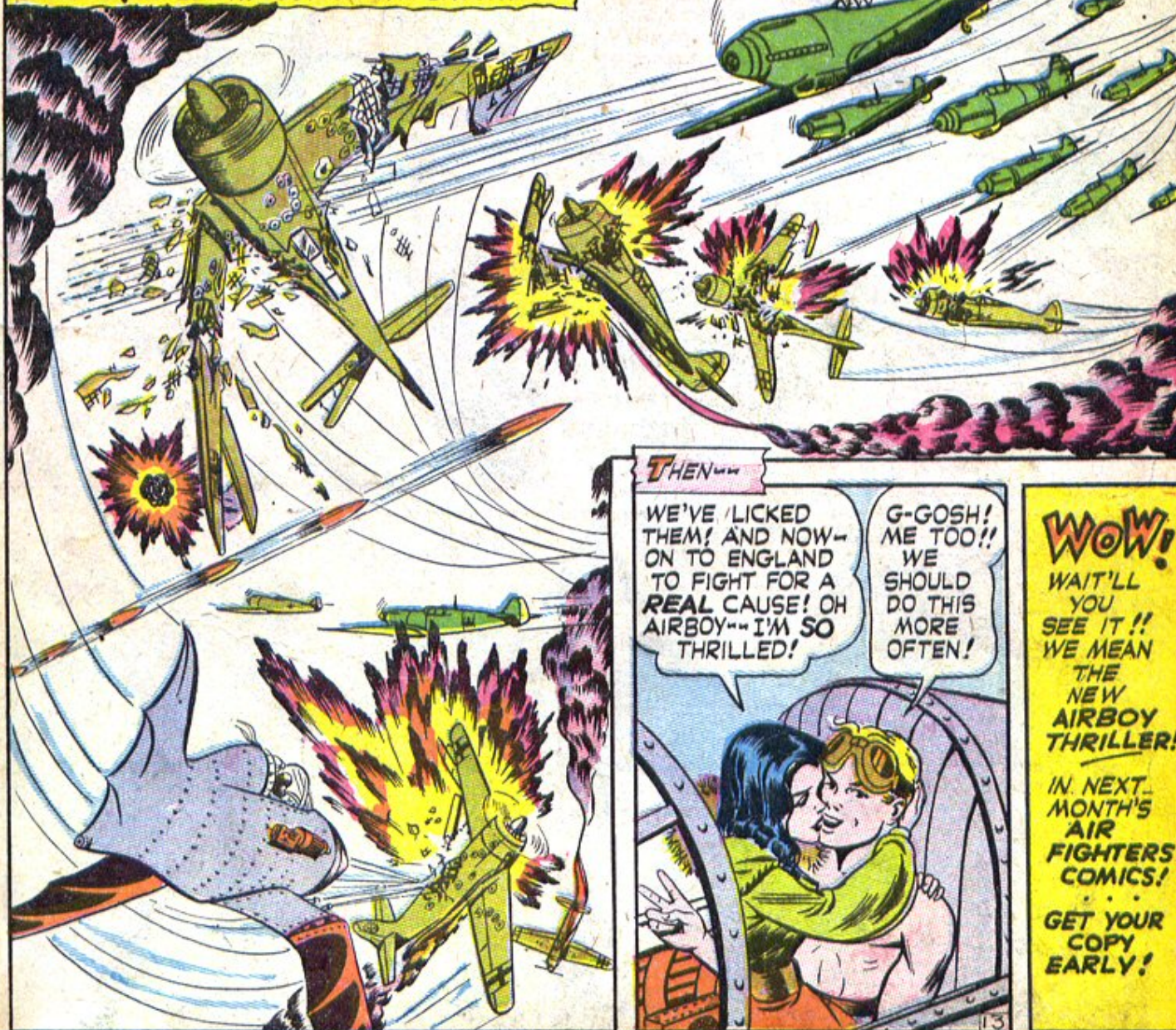
**SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE---**

YEOW! LOOK! PLANES! THEY'VE COME AFTER US FROM THE BASE!

ALL RIGHT, GIRLS!! USE EVERY TRICK--FOR FREEDOM!



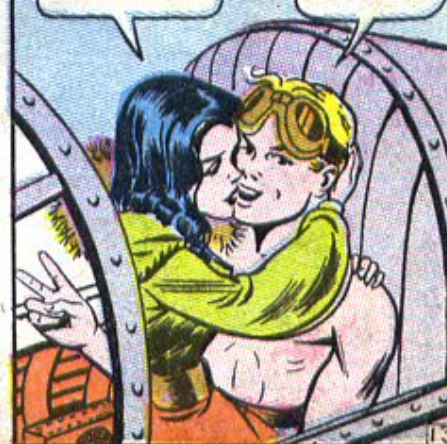
**AND WITH NAZI BROTHER AGAINST SISTER, THE FIGHT IS ALL THE MORE BITTER.... BUT AIRBOY AND THE AIRMAIDENS STEADILY GRIND THEIR ENEMY OUT OF THE SKY....**



**THEN---**

WE'VE LICKED THEM! AND NOW--ON TO ENGLAND TO FIGHT FOR A REAL CAUSE! OH AIRBOY--I'M SO THRILLED!

G-GOSH! ME TOO!! WE SHOULD DO THIS MORE OFTEN!

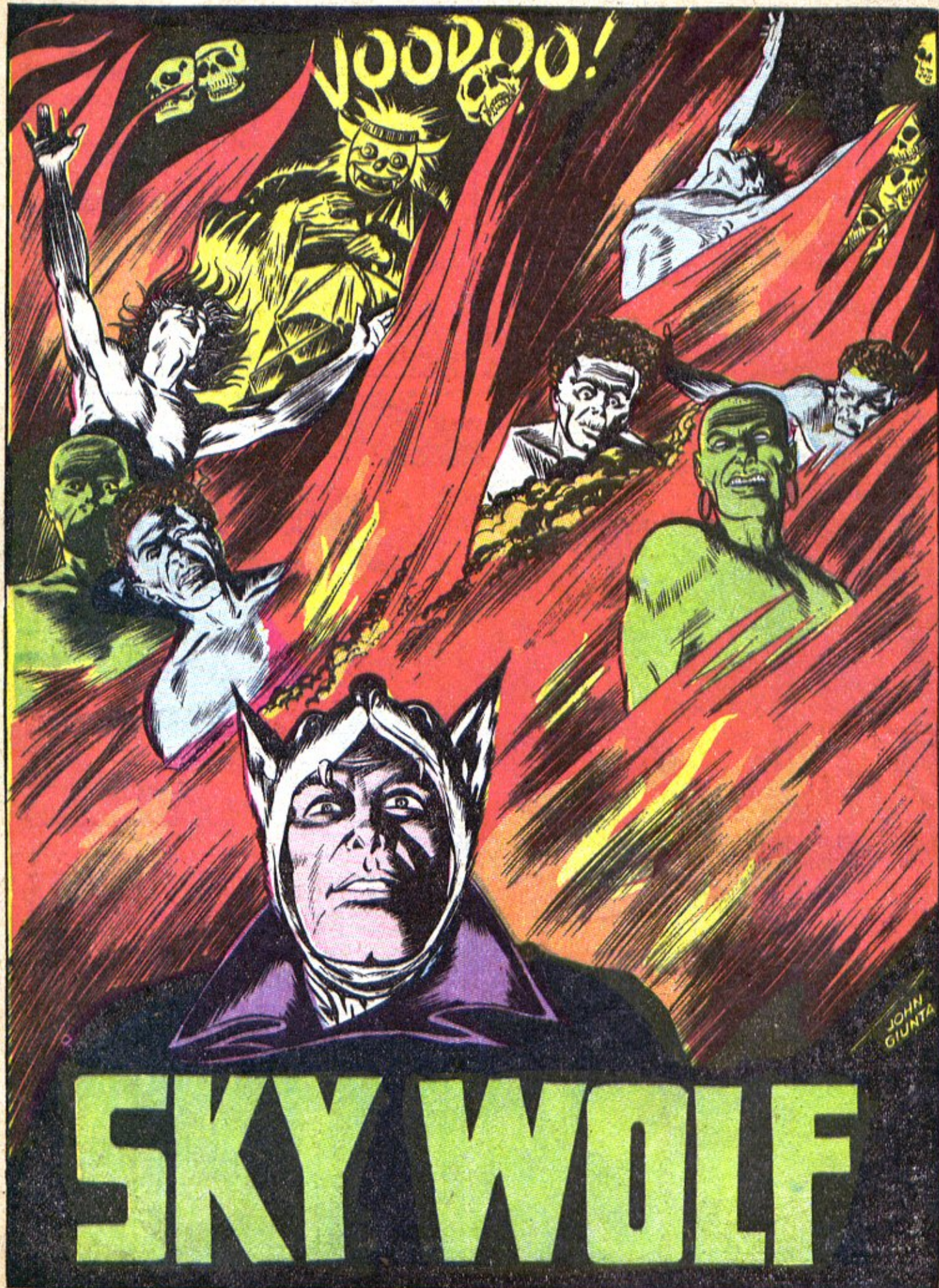


**WOW!**

WAIT'LL YOU SEE IT!! WE MEAN THE NEW AIRBOY THRILLER!

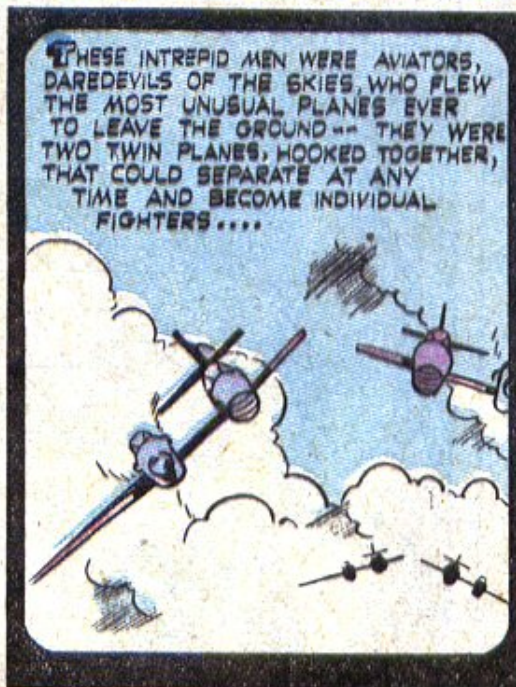
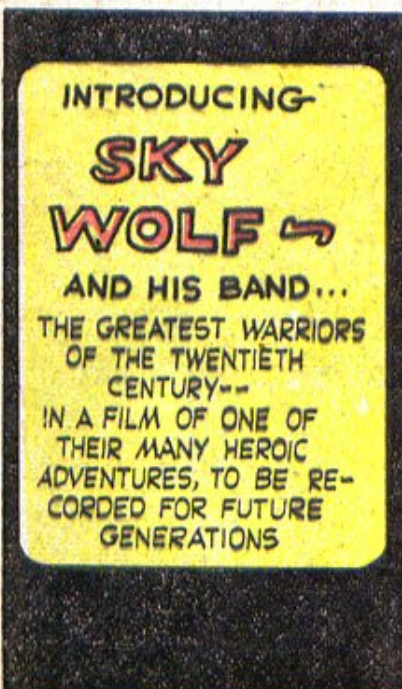
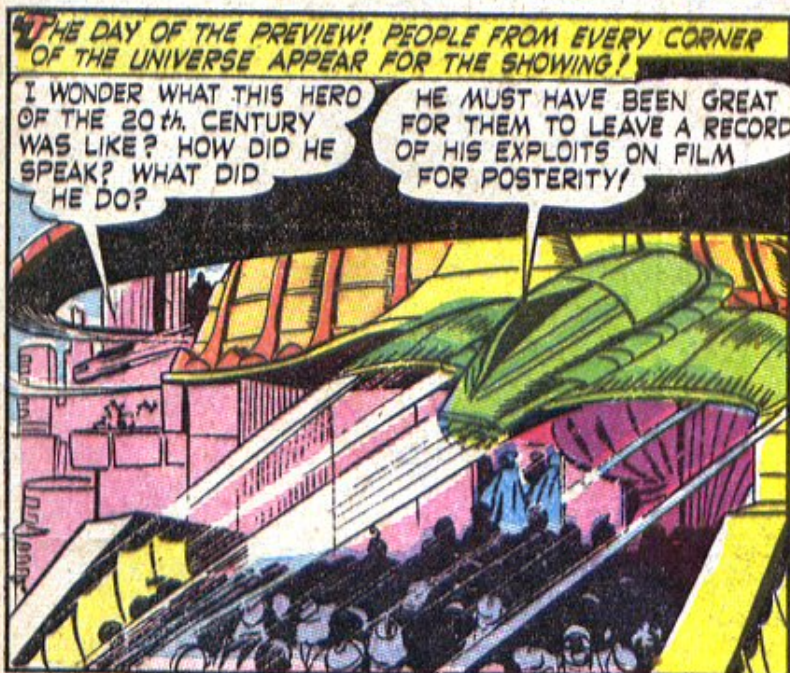
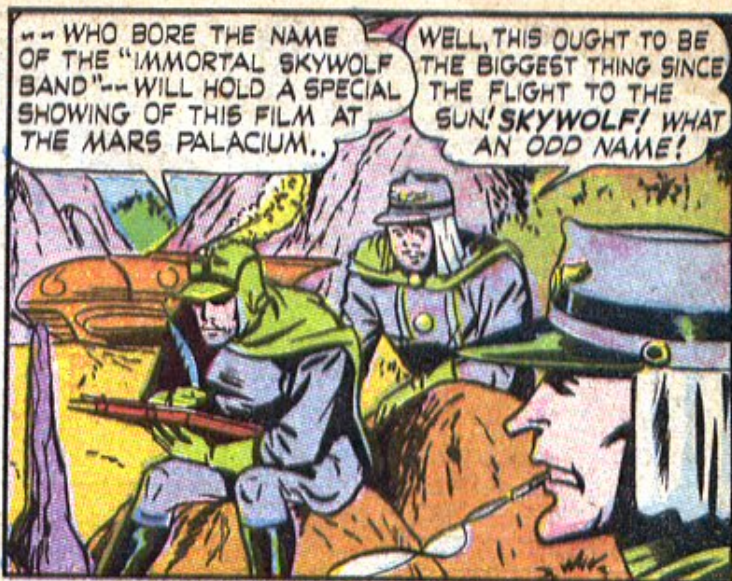
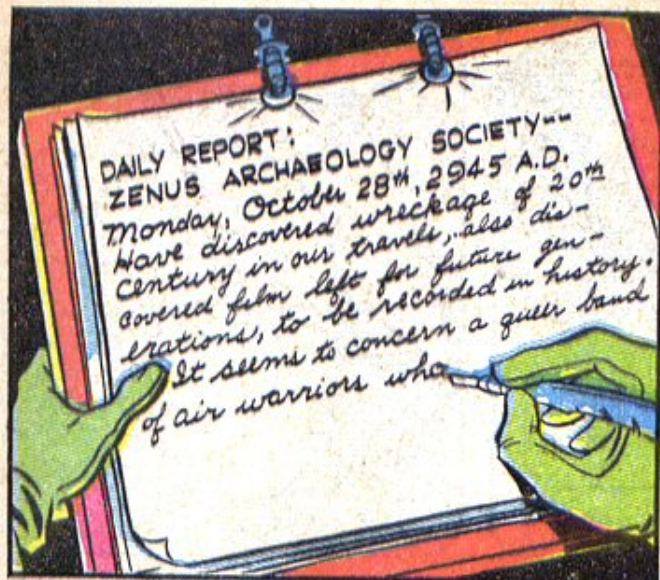
IN NEXT MONTH'S AIR FIGHTERS COMICS! GET YOUR COPY EARLY!





# SKY WOLF







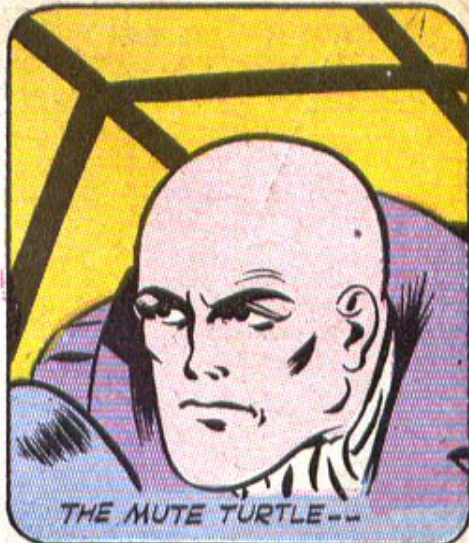
--AND THESE ARE HIS THREE  
BRAVE COMPANIONS--



LIGHT-HEARTED  
COCKY-ROCHE--



THE WISE JUDGE--



THE MUTE TURTLE--



OUR TALE TAKES US TO THE YEAR 1943,  
ON A DARK NIGHT WHEN SKYWOLF AND  
HIS MEN, FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF THE  
ALLIES IN WORLD WAR NO. II, PATROLED  
OVER THE JUNGLES OF NEW GUINEA--  
MYSTERIOUS ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC....



THIS IS THE SPOT THAT BRITISH  
SQUAD DISAPPEARED AT-- WE'RE  
GOING DOWN TO INVESTIGATE!

RIGHTO,  
SKYWOLF!  
HERE WE  
GO!



HEY! WAIT! THAT'S THE  
SQUADRON WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR! THEY'VE  
TURNED UP AFTER  
TWO WEEKS!

THAT'S  
FUNNY!  
THEY WERE  
REPORTED  
MISSING!



HOLY MAC-- THEY'RE  
SHOOTING AT US!  
WELL! SMASH MY  
PROPELLER!

HEY!  
IT CAN'T  
BE--!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS  
IS ALL ABOUT, BOYS, BUT  
SEPARATE AND DEFEND  
YOURSELVES!--

WE'RE  
ON OUR OWN!



IN A MOMENT THE SKY IS A RAGING BATTLEFIELD OF ROARING, TWISTING PLANES.... BRITISH SPITFIRES COME HEAD-ON FOR THE SEMI-PLANES, DESPITE THEIR LOSS IN NUMBERS!

YIPES! THESE GUYS KEEP COMING ON! THEY'RE NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING!

HOLY MACKERAL! LOOK! ONE OF 'EM IS GOING TO CRASH INTO TURTLE!

COME ON MEN! LET THESE BABIES BE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND TURTLE! HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE!

ON THE GROUND....

HERE'S THE WRECKAGE, BUT NO SIGN OF TURTLE!

I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! FIRST THOSE BRITISH SPITFIRES ATTACK US, AND NOW TURTLE DISAPPEARS INTO THIN AIR!

HE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN OUT ALIVE AND LEFT THE PLANE! SPREAD OUT! WE'RE GOING TO LOOK FOR HIM!

JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT! THIS 'ERE PLACE GIVES ME TH' CREEPS!

IT SHOULD, COCKY! FOR YOU'RE NOT ALONE... WATCH OUT!!



**HEEDLESS OF THE SOMBER DANGER LURKING BEHIND THEM, SKYWOLF'S MEN PUSH FURTHER INTO THE JUNGLE....**

I FEEL CREEPY MYSELF! THERE'S A LEGEND ABOUT THIS PLACE---SOMETHING ABOUT **ZOMBIES**---MEN WHO GET UP FROM THEIR GRAVES AND WALK AROUND!

AW! THAT'S A LOT O' FAIRYTALE BUNK! WHO'D BELIEVE THAT?



WHY YE GOSH!--I MUST BE SEEIN' THINGS! LOOK OUT, BOYS!

EEOW! H'IT'S A NIGHTMARE! IT CAN'T BE!--

T--THEY ARE ZOMBIES!



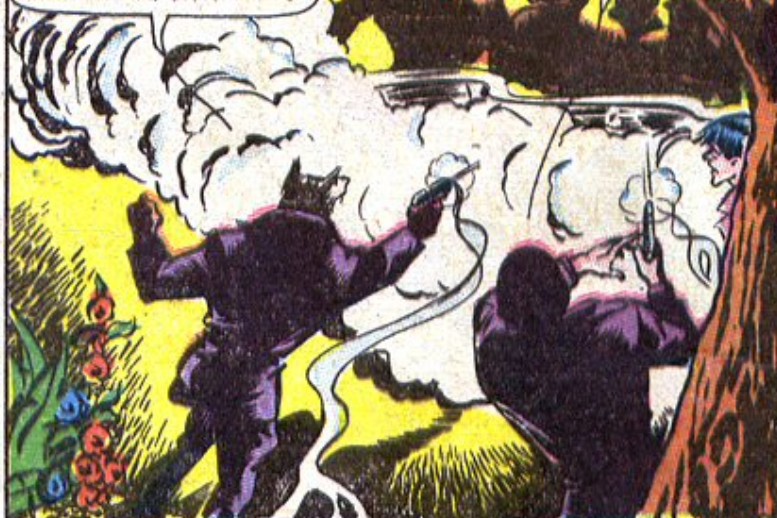
ZOMBIES OR OTHERWISE--- THESE BABIES AREN'T HERE TO PLAY GAMES!

YOU SAID IT! COME AND GET IT, YOU FUGITIVE FROM A GRAVEYARD!!



HEY--THESE GUYS DON'T WANT TO FALL! BULLETS DON'T HARM 'EM!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE THROUGH!



**FIGHTING IS FUTILE...THE ZOMBIES CLOSE IN RELENTLESSLY, AND PUT DOWN THEIR OPPOSITION....**



**WHEN SKYWOLF AND HIS MEN AWAKE--- THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN STRANGE, WEIRD SURROUNDINGS---**

WH-WHERE ARE WE? THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME WITCHES' CEREMONY! LOOK AT THOSE, WILL YOU?

GEE--! WHAT DID WE GET INTO?









LIKE ROBOTS CONTROLLED BY THE MIND OF THE HIGH LLAMA, THE ENSLAVED SKYWOLF BAND AND THE BRITISH PILOTS HEAD FOR THEIR PLANES....

---WHILE IN A PRIVATE CHAMBER, THE HIGH LLAMA DIRECTS THEIR MOVEMENTS...

HA! FROM HERE I CAN CONTROL THEIR EVERY MOVE, BY WATCHING THEM THROUGH THIS TELEVISION SET! HA, HA!

BY MENTAL SUGGESTION THE PLANES SOON RISE INTO THE AIR....

---AND SHORTLY LATER AT A BRITISH CAMP NEARBY---

LOOK! SKYWOLF'S SEMI-PLANES!

HE'S FOUND THE MISSING SQUADRON OF SPITFIRES!

TALLY-HO THERE, OLD BOYS! YOU'VE COME THROUGH!

YIPPEE! WHAT A TEAM OF PILOTS! THEY NEVER MISS!

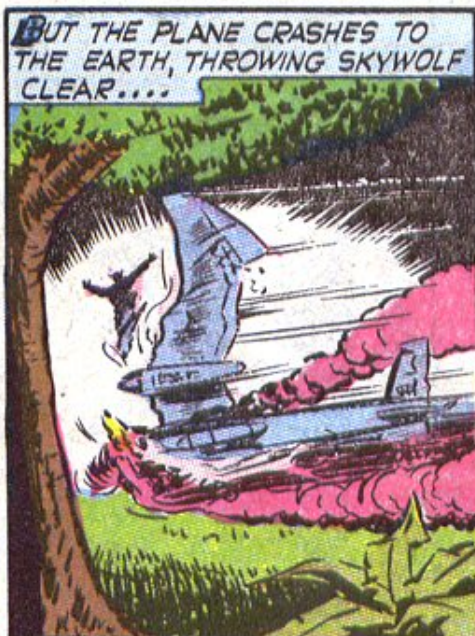
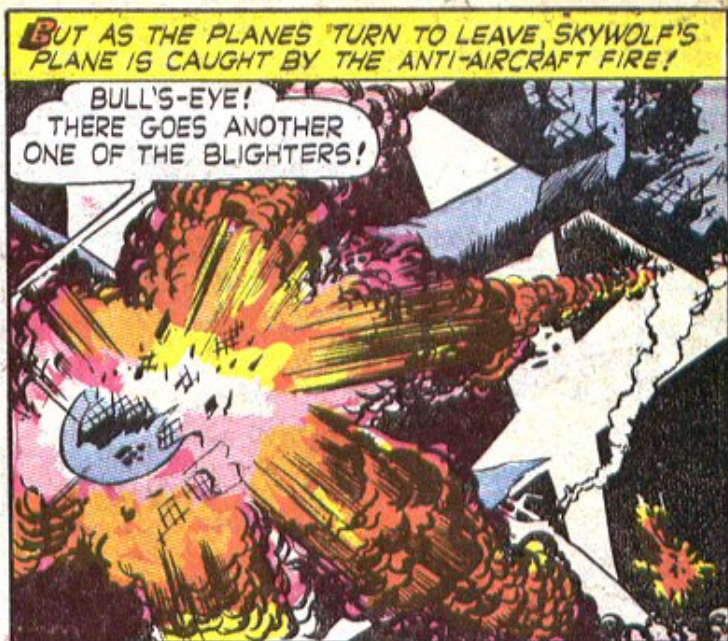
GAAA--

BLIMEY! WHAT IS THIS? THE DIRTY TRAITORS--TH--UGH!

MAN THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

I HATE SHOOTING OUR OWN MEN, BUT THEY'VE BETRAYED US!!









HELLO, BOOGIE  
MAN! REMEMBER  
ME?

WH--WHY YOU'RE FREE!  
HOW? GET HIM, MY PET!  
TEAR HIM TO PIECES!



BOY! SOME PET! YOU  
OVER-SIZED PUSSY CAT,  
YOU CAN HAVE HOT LEAD  
FOR A MEAL, NOT ME!

R-R-ROWRRR



OWW-W-- THOSE SHOTS  
DIDN'T KILL HIM--!  
OOO!.. HE'S GOT  
MY HAND!...

GROWRR



GOT--TO--GET MY OTHER  
HAND ON THAT SPEAR--  
OOO--!



THAT FINISHES YOU,  
PUSSY, AND IT'S YOUR  
TURN NOW, LLAMA!

GGROWRR



NOW, WE'LL GET DOWN  
TO BUSINESS! TELL ME  
HOW YOU HYPNOTIZED US,  
OR I'LL CHOKE THE  
LIFE OUT OF YOU!

UGGHH--LET ME GO!  
YOU'RE CHOKING  
ME! I'LL TELL  
YOU!



YES, I'LL SPEAK!...YOU  
SEE, I STARTED BY DIGGING  
UP BODIES OF FRESH-BURIED  
NATIVES--AND BROUGHT THEM  
TO LIFE, ACCORDING TO AN  
ANCIENT FORMULA I  
DISCOVERED--

STOP THE BUNK! I  
STOPPED BELIEVING  
FAIRYTALES LONG  
AGO--! WHAT  
ARE YOU HIDING?--  
--HEY! WAIT!!--





HEY! THAT'S NO REAL  
FACE YOU'RE WEARING  
BUB! IT'S A MASK!!

NO, NO--  
OOH--

A JAP!!



SO THAT'S YOUR GAME!  
USING ALLIED PLANES TO  
BOMB THEIR OWN BASES!  
NOW TELL ME THE  
TRUTH ABOUT THIS  
SET-UP, OR ELSE!

NO--  
NO--!  
DON'T HIT  
ME!

BUT THE JAP HAS BEEN STALLING--  
OUTSIDE THE SAVAGE ZOMBIES CLOSE IN!



OH-OH--SO YOU WERE  
STALLING FOR TIME!  
BUT YOUR GAME  
WON'T WORK!

WON'T IT?  
KILL HIM, MY  
SERVANTS! KILL HIM!

BUT A STRANGE THING HAPPENS! AT  
THE SIGHT OF THE STRANGE JAPANESE  
COMMANDING THEM; THE SAVAGES  
SEEM TO SNAP OUT OF THE SPELL...

HIM NO LLAMA--  
HIM FAKER!!  
KILL!

KILL!

KILL!

NO, NO!  
BACK, BACK!  
I COMMAND  
YOU!



STOP THEM!  
STOP THEM!  
HELP!

IT'S TOO  
LATE FOR ME  
TO HELP YOU  
NOW!



YES! FAR TOO LATE!



**JUST THEN SKYWOLF'S MEN AND THE BRITISH FLIERS BURST IN...**

LOOK! IT'S SKYWOLF! WE'RE ALL FREE! YIPPEE!

HEY, LOOK! A JAP!



YES, HE WAS THE "HIGH LLAMA"---HE PROBABLY HAD A "SUPER-BRAIN" MACHINE IN THAT IDOL THAT HYPNOTIZED US! HIS DEATH BROKE THE SPELL!



BUT THOSE SAVAGES PUZZLE ME---WHY DID HE WANT THEM? THE ORIGINAL ZOMBIES WHO WERE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE WERE USED AS CHEAP LABOR---MAYBE THE JAPS WANTED THESE GUYS AS SOLDIERS---MAYBE IT'S TRUE---THEN---

AH GO ON, THAT'S CRAZY---HEY! WAIT---LOOK!!



THE ZOMBIES! THEY'RE DEAD! THEY MUST HAVE DIED WHEN THEY KILLED THE JAP, AND BROKE THE SPELL COMPLETELY!

HEY---THEN MAYBE---MAYBE IT'S TRUE---THEY MUST HAVE BEEN---

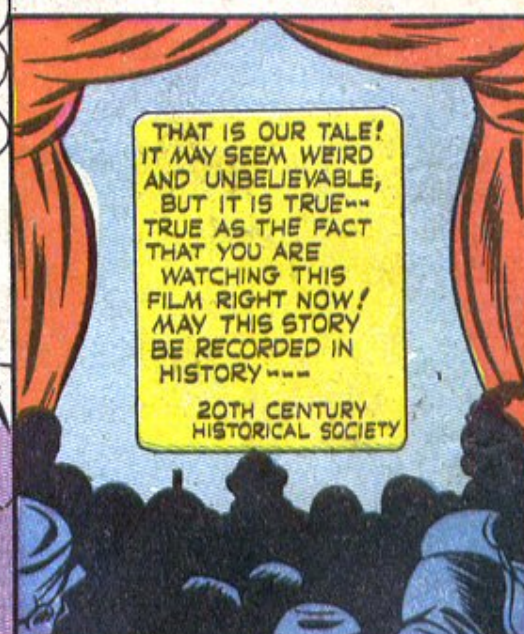


YES, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD MEN, COME TO LIFE AGAIN! THAT JAP WASN'T KIDDING!... BRRR-R-R! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



THAT IS OUR TALE! IT MAY SEEM WEIRD AND UNBELIEVABLE, BUT IT IS TRUE---TRUE AS THE FACT THAT YOU ARE WATCHING THIS FILM RIGHT NOW! MAY THIS STORY BE RECORDED IN HISTORY---

20TH CENTURY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



BOSH! IT'S PURE BOSH! WHO WOULD BELIEVE SUCH ROT?

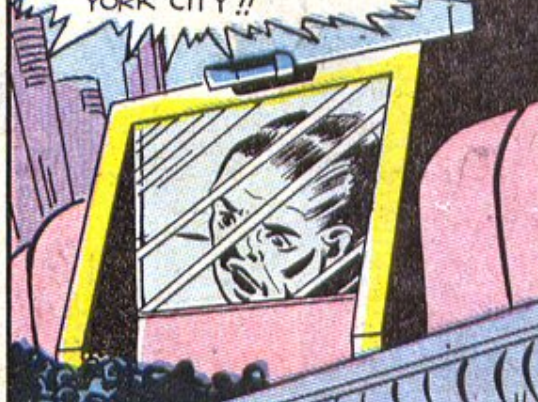
HA, HA! ZOMBIES! WHOEVER HEARD OF DEAD MEN COMING BACK TO LIFE!

BAH! IT'S A PACK OF LIES! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



BUT AS THE PEOPLE LEAVE THE HUGE THEATRE, THE PUBLIC RADIO IS SUDDENLY TURNED ON---

ATTENTION, EVERYONE!! EMERGENCY! THE INTER-PLANET NEWS SERVICE HAS JUST ANNOUNCED THAT A TRIBE OF ZOMBIES ARE ATTACKING NEW YORK CITY!!



~ AND THE NEXT THRILLING AIR FIGHTERS COMICS BRINGS YOU A SKYWOLF STORY THAT'S A "CORKER" !!!

FOR SKYWOLF KIDNAPS THE "PRINCE OF EVIL" !!



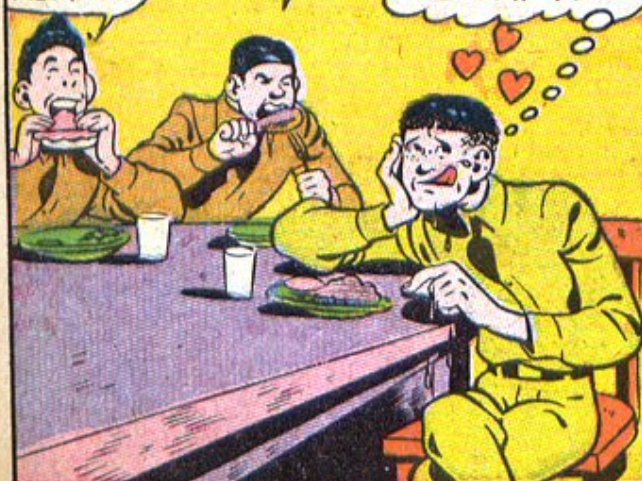
# Pvt. **SKINNY** **McGINTY**



HEY, FELLAS--  
LOOK AT  
MCGINTY---  
HE AIN'T  
EATIN'  
AGAIN!

YEAH--  
HE MUST  
BE IN  
LOVE!

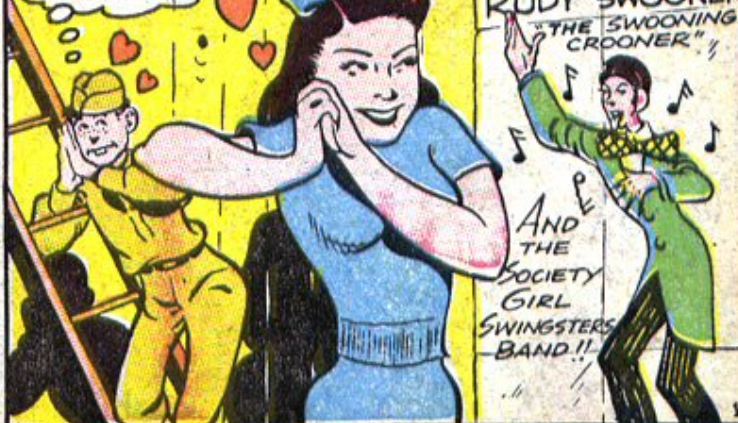
GAWRSH!  
I'M  
HUNGRY--  
BUT FOOD  
WILL MAKE  
ME FAT AN'...



AND THE CAUSE OF IT ALL IS THE  
COLONEL'S DAUGHTER---FOR SHE IS  
CRAZY ABOUT A CERTAIN SKINNY CROONER

OH--IF SHE  
ONLY LIKED ME  
LIKE SHE DOES  
THAT STRING  
BEAN!

WHAT A MAN!!  
WHAT A MAN!!





AS THE RECREATION HALL IS MADE READY FOR THE BIG EVENT.....

GOSH--SHE'S SO EXCITED!

HURRY, BOYS--WE HAVE TO WORK FAST... GET THOSE BANNERS UP ABOVE THE FRONT DOOR!!



SWOONER'S TRAIN WILL SOON BE IN... COME ON, DAUGHTER!!

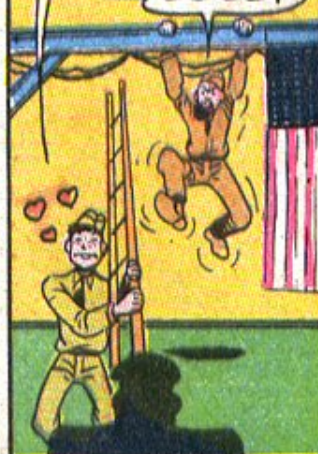
SAY!-- YOU WITH THE LADDER--- MCGINTY!!!

M..ME ??



YES SIR--COMIN' SIR!!

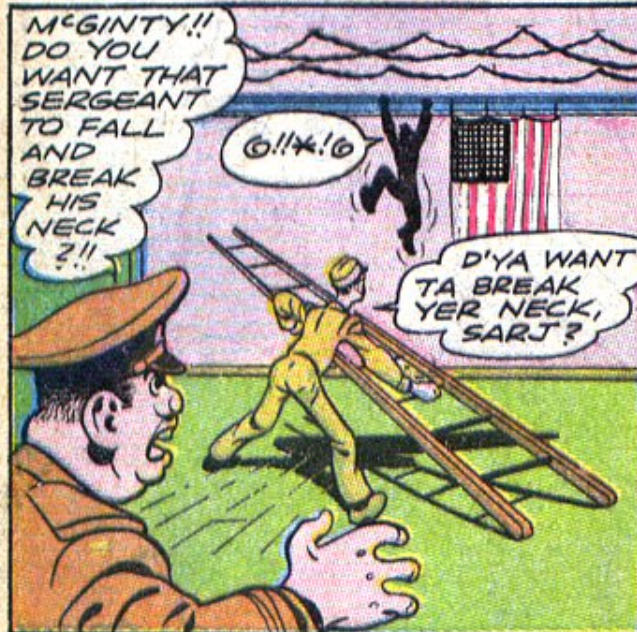
HEY!! BRING BACK THAT LADDER YA BOOB!



MCGINTY!! DO YOU WANT THAT SERGEANT TO FALL AND BREAK HIS NECK ?!!

G!!K!@

D'YA WANT TA BREAK YER NECK, SART?



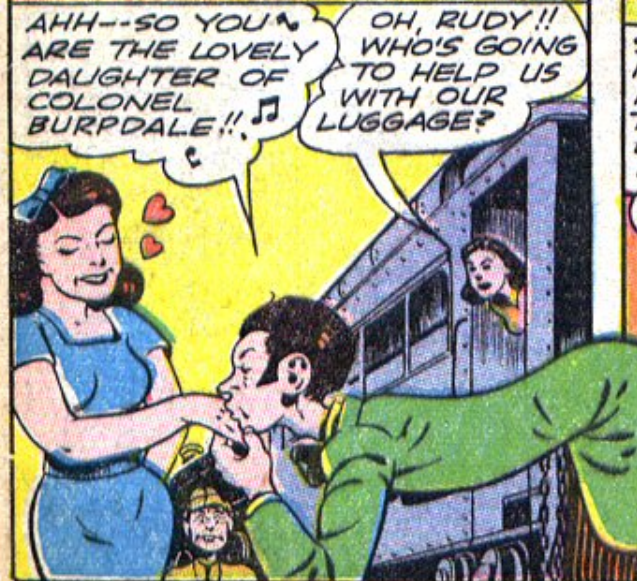
OHH--- YA WANT TH' LADDER UP THERE AGAIN--- OKAY-- I'LL JUST SWING IT AROUND AN'



LATER-- RUDY SWOONER AND HIS GIRL BAND ARRIVE....

AHH--SO YOU ARE THE LOVELY DAUGHTER OF COLONEL BURPDAL!!

OH, RUDY!! WHO'S GOING TO HELP US WITH OUR LUGGAGE?



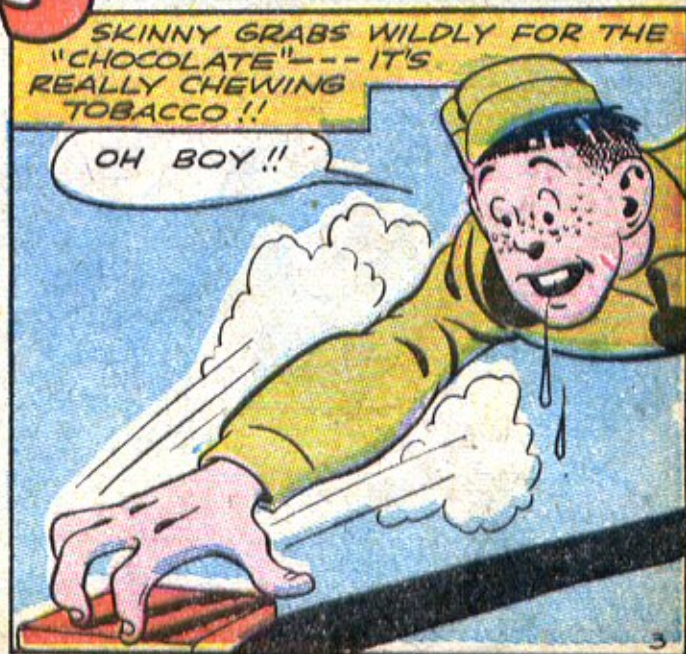
SWOONER'S GLANCE FALLS ON MCGINTY!!

SEE HERE, MY MAN-- PICK UP THOSE BAGS--AND FOLLOW US!!

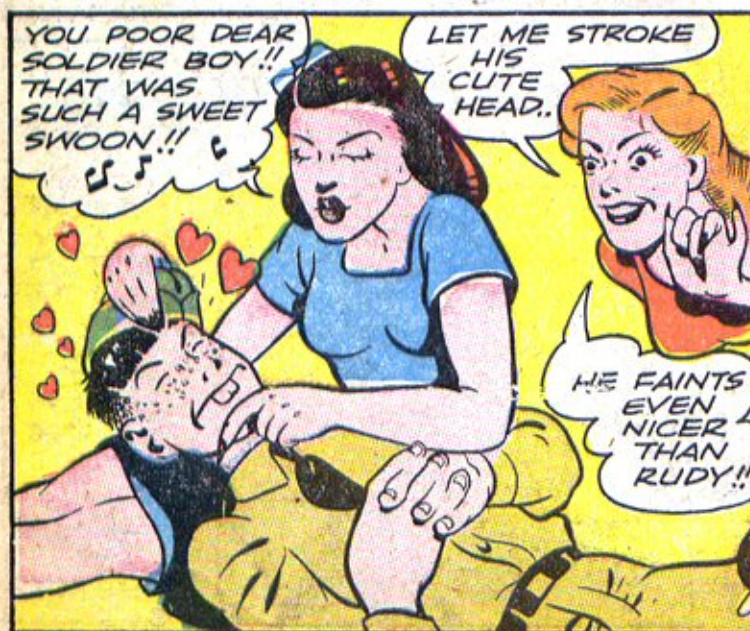
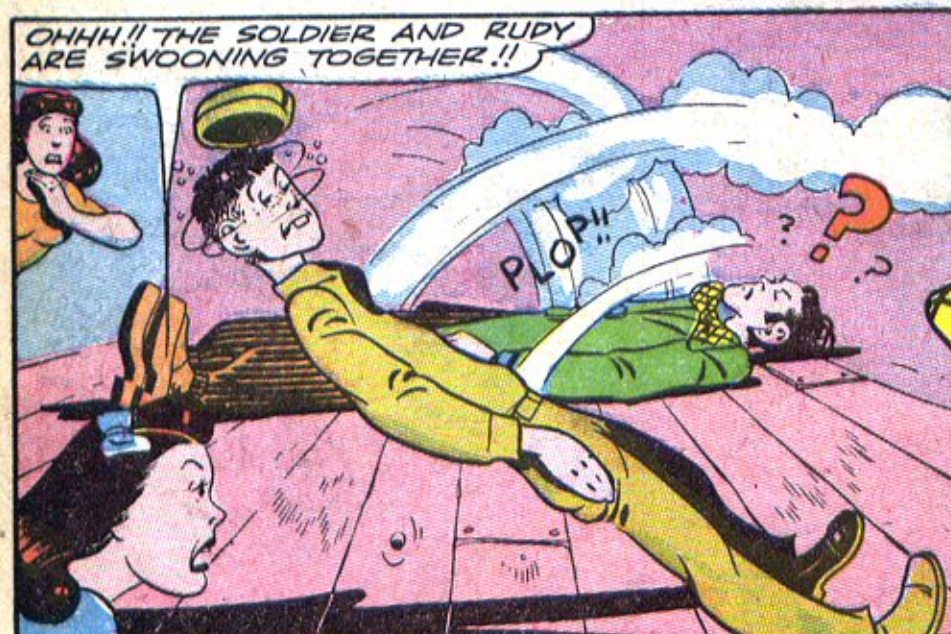
WHY YA SICK-LOOKIN' PANTYWAIST I OUGHTA--- GRRR!!! AM I BURNED UP!!



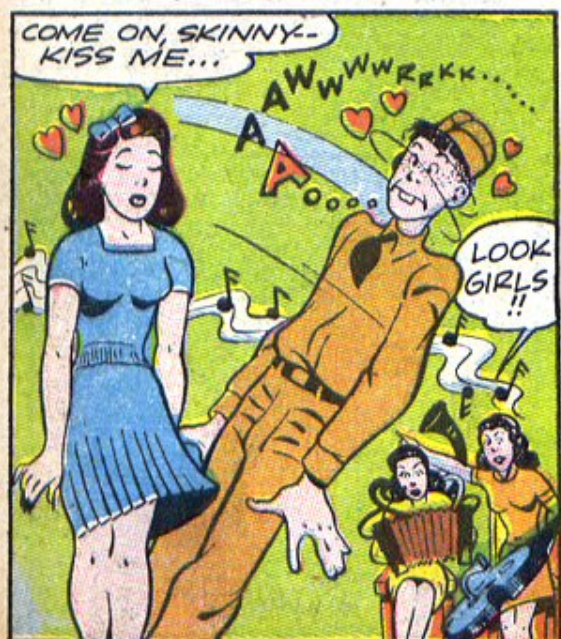
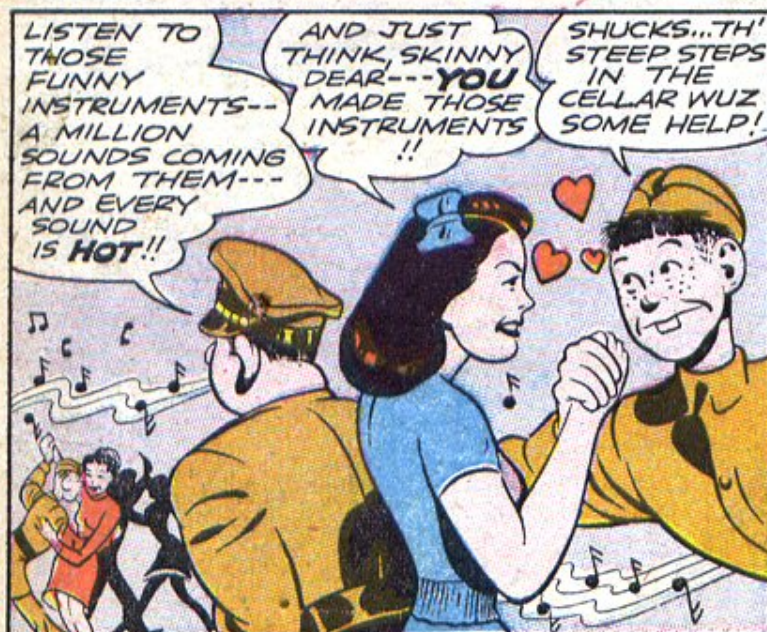
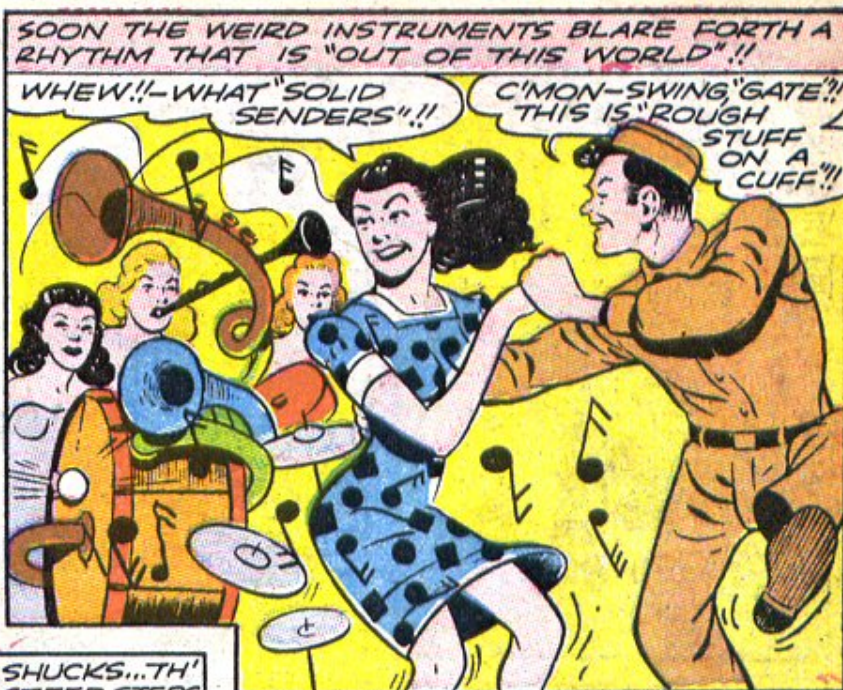












...DREAM ON, SKINNY!!

BUT GET AWAY FROM THOSE GALS IN TIME TO BE WITH US IN YOUR NEXT CRAZY RUMPUS

IN NEXT MONTH'S AIR FIGHTERS

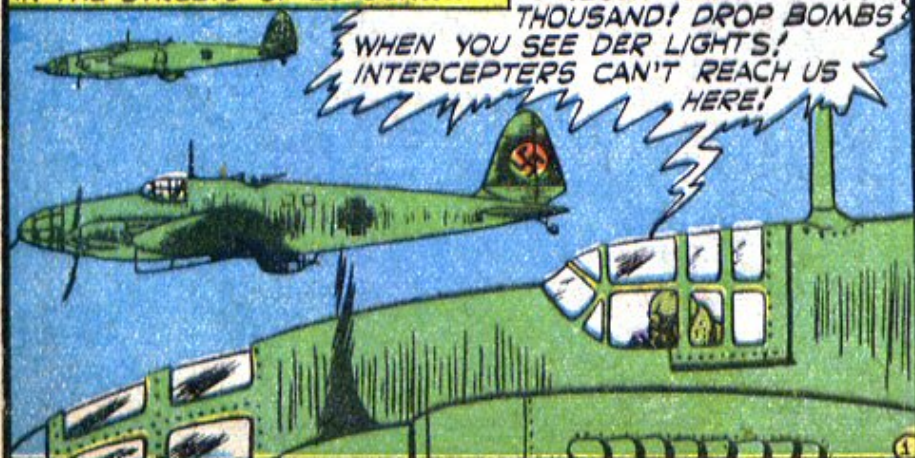


THE



ONLY A FEW HIGH OFFICIALS  
IN THE R.A.F. KNOW THAT  
THE DARING CAPTAIN BRITAIN  
IS REALLY THE IRON ACE,  
WHOSE IMPREGNABLE COAT  
OF MAIL AND ARMORED  
PLANE MAKE HIM ONE OF  
THE WAR'S MOST GLAMOROUS  
FIGURES!!!

WHILE SIRENS WAIL FAR BELOW  
IN THE STREETS OF LONDON....



--AND ON NIGHT PATROL WE FIND  
CAPTAIN BRITAIN--

THE JERRIES ARE GOING IN FOR  
HIGH LEVEL BOMBING! THEY'RE  
ABOVE OUR CEILING! BUT WE'LL  
TRY TO GET 'EM ANYWAY--!









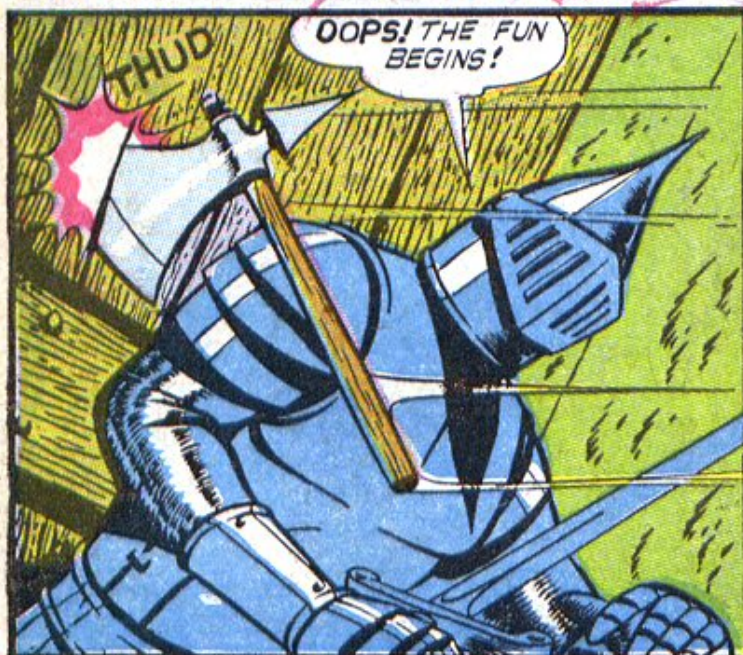


NOT SO FAST, RATS!  
THE ORDER IS  
"HALT!"

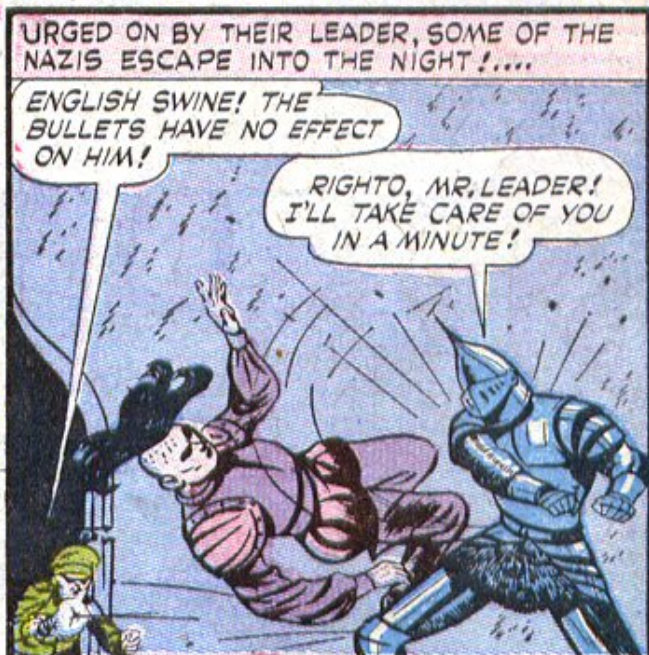


DER IRON ACE! I THOUGHT HE  
VAS DEAD! RUSH HIM, YOU FOOLS!  
SOME OF YOU CAN GET OUT!

SURE, BOYS! LISTEN TO  
YOUR BRAVE LEADER AND  
GET WHAT'S COMING TO  
YOU!



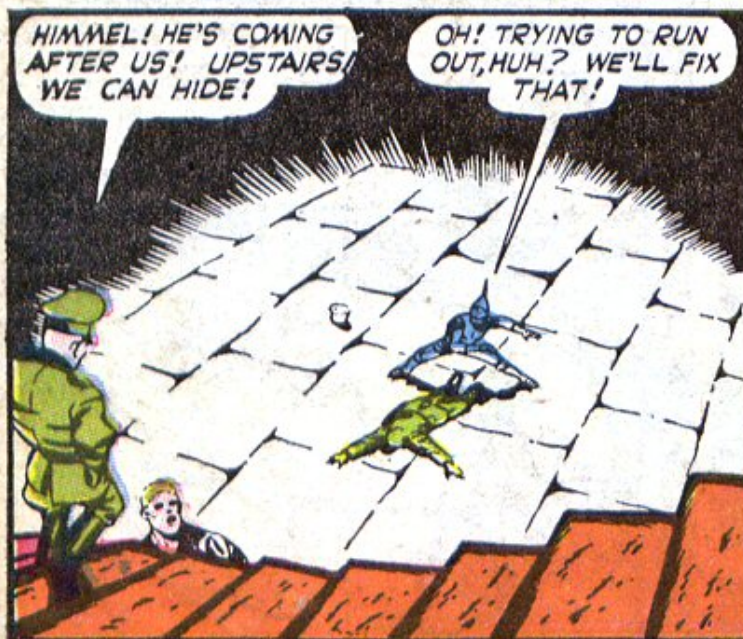
THUD  
DOOPS! THE FUN  
BEGINS!



URGED ON BY THEIR LEADER, SOME OF THE  
NAZIS ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT!....

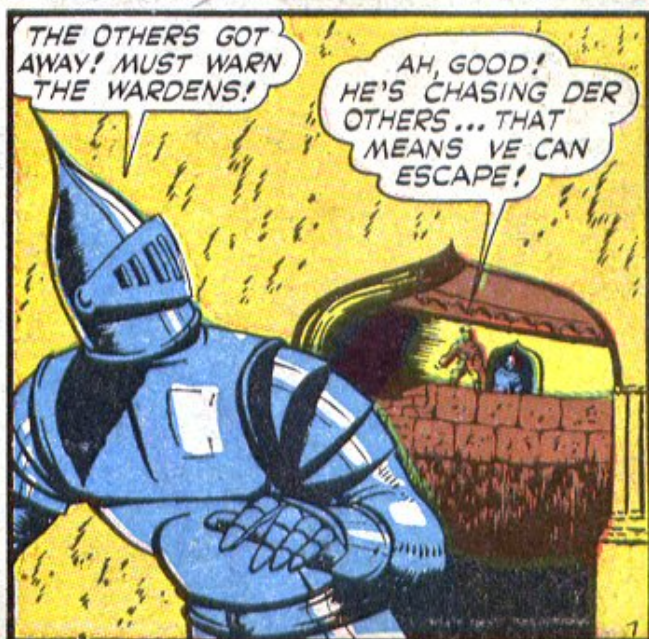
ENGLISH SWINE! THE  
BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT  
ON HIM!

RIGHTO, MR. LEADER!  
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU  
IN A MINUTE!



HIMMEL! HE'S COMING  
AFTER US! UPSTAIRS!  
WE CAN HIDE!

OH! TRYING TO RUN  
OUT, HUH? WE'LL FIX  
THAT!

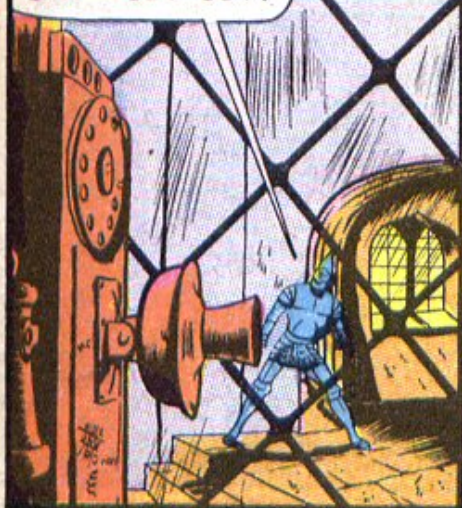


THE OTHERS GOT  
AWAY! MUST WARN  
THE WARDENS!

AH, GOOD!  
HE'S CHASING DER  
OTHERS... THAT  
MEANS VE CAN  
ESCAPE!



I CAN USE THAT TELEPHONE AND WATCH THE DOOR, SO THOSE TWO RATS CAN'T GET OUT!



JUST AS THE TWO REMAINING NAZIS ARE ABOUT TO ESCAPE

DER IRON ACE IS COMING! QUICK! BACK INTO THE HALL!!



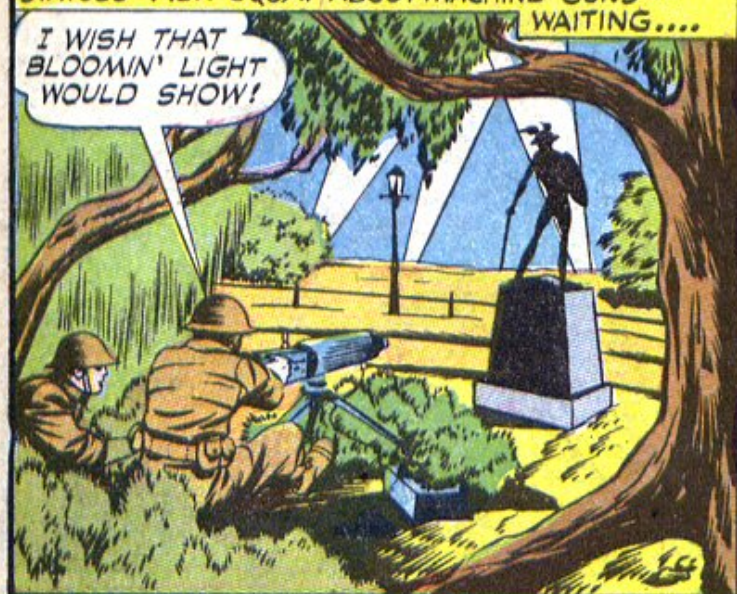
A FEW MINUTES LATER.... A SURPRISE HAS BEEN ALL 'ARRANGED' FOR THE NAZIS!!

WISH I COULD BE THERE TO SEE THE FUN, BUT I MUST TAKE CARE OF THOSE RATS!



MEANWHILE THROUGHOUT LONDON, NEAR THE REAL STATUES - MEN SQUAT ABOUT MACHINE GUNS -- WAITING....

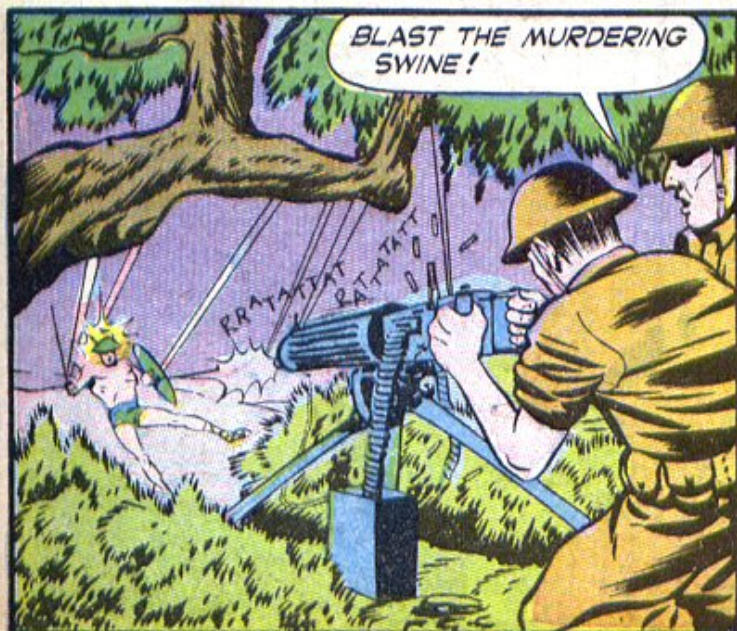
I WISH THAT BLOOMIN' LIGHT WOULD SHOW!



DERE GOES DER SIRENS, DOT MEANS OUR BOMBERS ARE OVER-HEAD RIGHT ON TIME! THE PAINT IS GLOWING! HA-HA, UND NOW FOR THE STUPID WARDENS!



BLAST THE MURDERING SWINE!



HURRY! COVER THE GLOW BEFORE THE JERRIES CAN SIGHT DOWN ON IT!





**WHILE ABOVE—THE NAZI BOMBERS LOOK IN VAIN FOR THE GLOWING TARGETS!**

HIMMEL! SOMETHING IS WRONG BELOW! THE GLOW DIDN'T LAST! DROP YOUR BOMBS ANYWAY, AND RETURN HOME!



**AND BELOW—AS THE IRON ACE STEPS BETWEEN TWO GREAT GUILD HALL STATUES....**

BETTER COME DOWN—BEFORE I COME UP AFTER YOU!



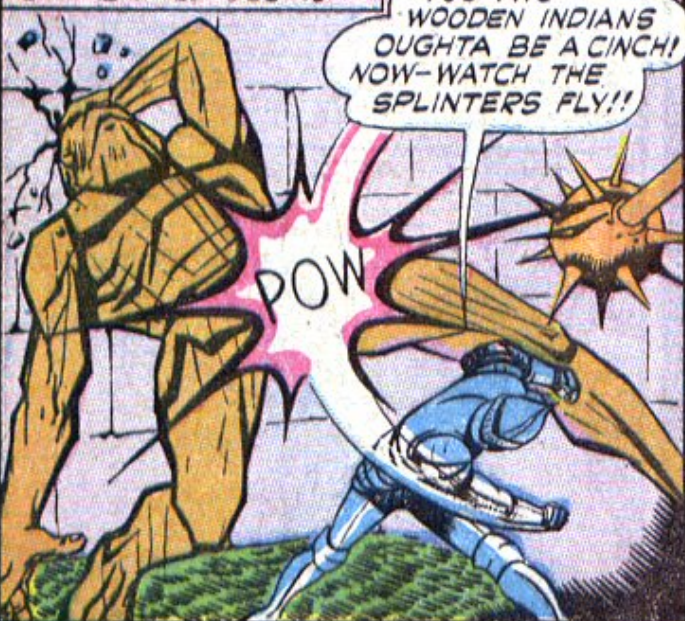
**A SUDDEN SENSE WARNS THE IRON ACE!**

WHEW! I WAS ALMOST A GONER!

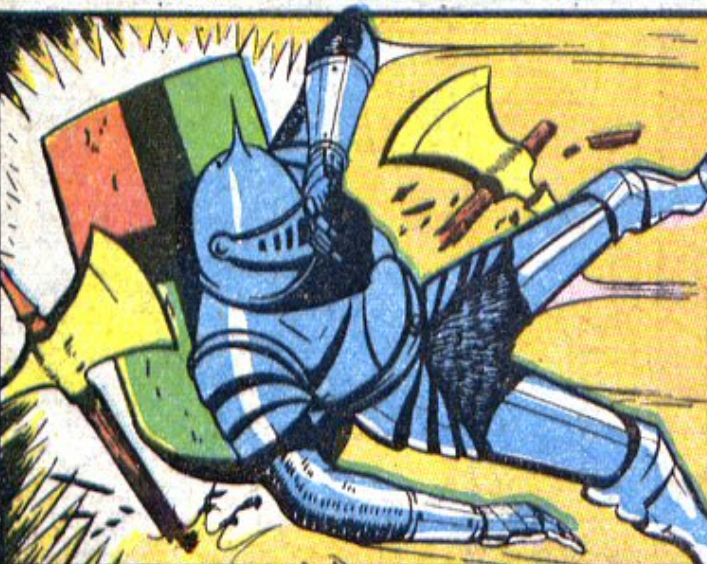


**THE BATTLE BEGINS--**

YOU TWO WOODEN INDIANS OUGHTA BE A CINCH! NOW—WATCH THE SPLINTERS FLY!!



THAT'S THAT! AND NOW FOR YOUR PARTNER! **YOWWWWW**

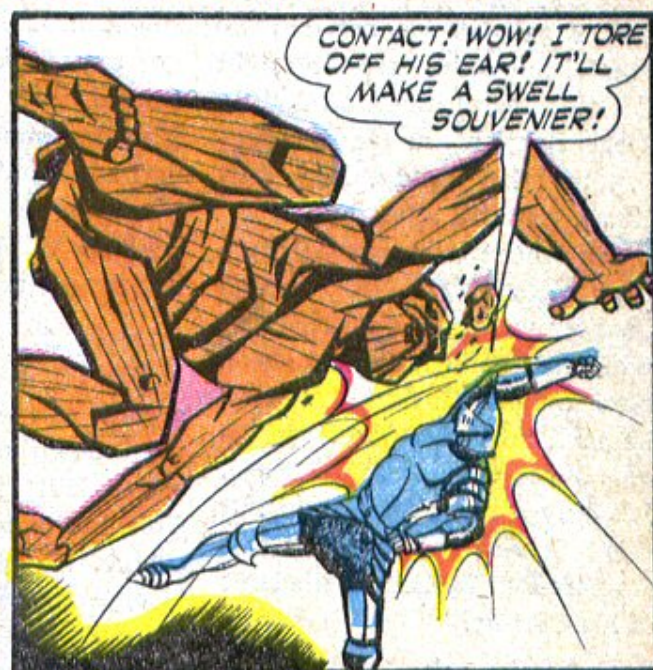
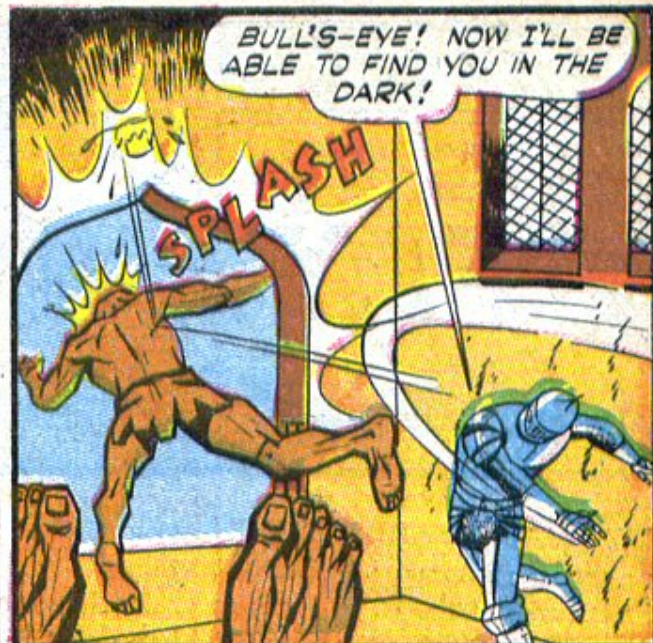
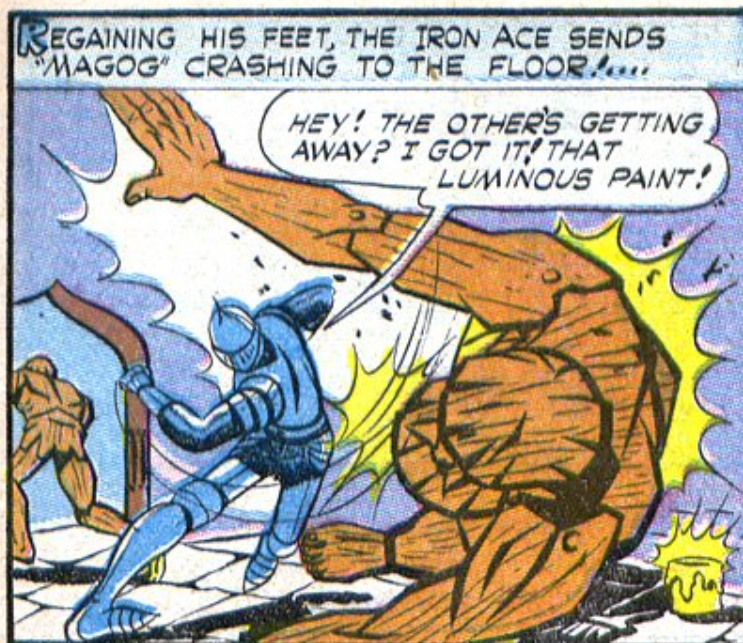


THE GIANT "MAGOG," WHO IS BEHIND HIM, BATTERS THE IRON ACE AGAINST THE WALL.... HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR....

THEN...THE EVIL MACE IS RAISED FOR A "CRUSHER"!









# HOW TO FIND A MARINE

BY CARL G. HODGES

IT WAS NEARLY DAWN near the Solomons. Lieutenant Bill Burke of the U. S. Marines was praying hard as the little PT boat wiggled its way between two small islands and headed straight for the maze of jungle on slightly larger Santa Maru. He was praying that his buddy, Red Williams, was still alive.

Six other marines huddled on deck with rifles. Navy ensign Mallow was in the wheelhouse with a seaman, studying a chart. He came out on deck. "Burke," he said, "that tangle of wilderness ahead of us is Santa Maru. It's only a dot on the map but this is it. Are you sure that this is where Red Williams bailed out of his Corsair?"

★ ★ ★

Bill nodded. "Red and I were on reconnaissance right over this area when we got into a dogfight with half-a-dozen Zeros. Red's fuel line was hit and started to burn. He had to bail out. One of the Japs dove at him while his parachute was coming down but I got the Jap before he could get Red. I'd bet my pay that Red landed on this island. As far as we know, it's uninhabited. We gotta find Red. He had a lot of reconnaissance notes on him. He's a whiz at that stuff. Sees

everything, remembers everything."

Ensign Mallow smiled. "And he's a buddy of yours. I hope we find him. I doubt if Santa Maru's got any Japs on it, but they're thicker than flies on the other islands around here. That's why we had to make this trip at night. Too risky in day time. Even if we find Williams, we'll have a hot time getting him back."

★ ★ ★

The PT boat snuggled into a growth of mangroves that grew right down to the edge of the water. Bill Burke loosened his Colt in its holster and leaped ashore. He grinned at Mallow. "Come on along. Leave the sailor to guard the PT. We can cover this island in a couple hours, maybe less."

Burke and his Marines and Ensign Mallow gathered in a huddle. Burke talked swiftly. "I'm sure Red wasn't hit by the Jap but he may have been hurt by the fall when his 'chute hit this jungle. We'll string out about forty feet apart and go straight across the island. Keep your eyes peeled for a man on the ground or a 'chute in a tree. If you see anything—whistle softly. If you hear a whistle—join the whistler—and we'll investigate anything

unusual together. Don't use your guns except to save your own life—or ours."

They slipped through the tangled, matted jungle like shadows. Not a stick snapped. Not a rifle rattled. Then, nearly in the middle of the jungle, Bill Burke was first to see a clearing and a long, rambling shed, twenty feet wide and a hundred feet long, with a fresh green-thatched roof.

He dropped in his tracks and whistled softly. He heard the soft whistles repeated to right and left, and his men joined him like ghosts. Bill pointed at the low, rambling shed. "What's a big shed like that doing on a forgotten island like this? It's big enough for a barracks?"

★ ★ ★

Mallow smiled. "Looks deserted. Probably built by some fruit company that gathered mangos. War scared 'em away, I guess. I don't see a soul."

Burke shook his head. "Use your eyes, pal. That green thatch was put on that roof within the last two days. From a plane I bet you can't tell that roof from the rest of the jungle."

One of the men pointed. "Good gosh! Here comes a Chinaman!"

An old bent figure in coolie clothes opened a door in the long



shed and stepped out. Then more than a dozen coolie-coated figures followed him with shambling gait.

One of the marines wise-cracked. "Maybe they've opened up a Chinese laundry. If so, they can wash my shirt."

Burke shook his head. "It isn't natural for Chinese to be on this island. And they aren't armed—but we're not taking any chances!" The marines jumped to their feet, with guns ready, dashed up to the group of startled coolies. The old leader of the coolies stepped back as the Yanks advanced. He bowed low as he recognized the marines' uniforms.

He cackled, "We salute our allies in arms! Welcome to our poor quarters. I will have breakfast prepared for you at once."

Burke shook his head. "Sorry, we haven't time to eat. We're looking for a red-headed flier. He should've landed on this island yesterday. Bailed out in a parachute. Did you find him?"

The old man shook his head and blinked his slanty eyes. "My men cover this island daily, gathering mangos. They did not see him or his parachute. He might have fallen in the sea. Perhaps he swam to another island."

★ ★ ★

"No, Red bailed out right over this place. He must be here," said Burke. He pointed at the long building. "Care if I look inside?" The old man nodded. "Our house is yours." Bill stepped into the long building. The whole inside was practically buried in mangos. They were on shelves, tables and in deep bins.

But Burke spied a small, round, flat can on the floor. He

quickly jammed it in his pocket with a, "Well—guess our flier pal isn't in here—sorry."

The marines hurried back toward the PT boat. When they were almost there, Burke took the Ensign aside. "I want you and the rest of the boys to leave in the boat. Make sure you are seen by the coolies."

"What will you do, Burke?" asked Mallow.

"I'll hide out in a tree. Come back for me tonight. I'll meet you right here. I still think Red's on this island."

"He can't be. If he was, those Chinese would have found him."

"Those Chinese aren't Chinese," snapped Burke. "They're Japs—and they're very much interested in something besides mangos. Didja notice the knees of every one of those coolies were baggy and dirty? They've been digging something on this island—and I'm gonna stick around!"

★ ★ ★

It was nearly ten o'clock when Ensign Mallow brought the marines back to the island.

Burke was full of news. "These guys aren't Chinese but Japs! A Jap destroyer and merchant ship are laying off-shore, and three launches have been making trips back and forth with sacks of something that the coolies carry out of that shed."

Mallow grinned. "Maybe we can stop 'em!" Burke clapped his hand on the Ensign's shoulder. "I was hoping you'd say that! Only about a dozen of the Japs are armed." Then followed hurried instructions, and on a signal the men charged wildly, yelling at the top of their voices to imitate a much larger force. The surprised Japs dropped their sacks and ran screaming and shooting wildly toward the beach. The

marines fired after them and the Japs tumbled into the launches and broke for the ships off shore.

Burke kicked open one of the sacks lying on the ground. He picked up a chunk of ore. "Whew! This is something. Pyrolusite! This is the stuff we get manganese from. We use it to harden steel!"

The men ran into the long shed and smack into another line of Japs carrying sacks of ore up through an opening in the floor of the shed. They dropped the sacks and the marines herded them into a corner while Burke and Mallow ran below and cast their eyes around a completely equipped mine.

In a dark corner lay Red Williams, bound and gagged. Burke untied him and helped him up. He hugged Red. "You old son-of-a-gun! We'll have to beat it back to the PT fast—or those Japs'll get enough in here to eat us up alive."

Red was laughing. "When the Japs burned my plane and parachute I figured you'd never find me. Gimme a gun, somebody."

Then the men raced back to the PT boat and leaped aboard. "Hey," barked Ensign Mallow, "We got two torpedoes and there's a Jap destroyer and a cargo ship just aching to give us target practice."

Burke grinned. "What're we waitin' for, sailor?"

★ ★ ★

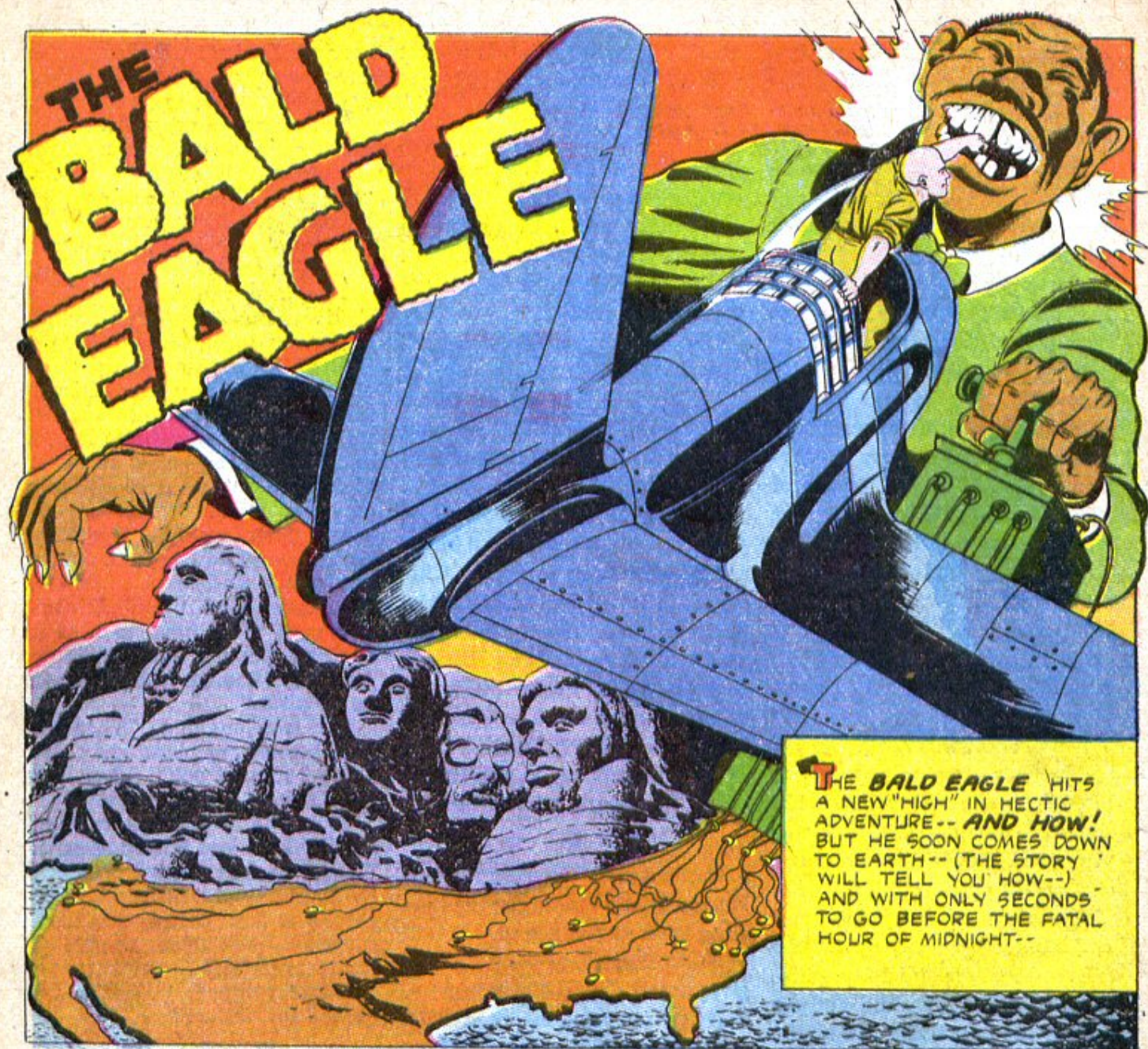
Soon torpedoes tore into the sides of the destroyer and the cargo ship, and left them flaming.

Red Williams shook his buddy's hand. "I still can't figure out how you were so sure those Japs had me hidden on that island."

"Simple," said Burke as he took a flat round can with an American label out of his pocket. "I found this. It's just a ten-cent can of shoe-polish. But every marine knows that shoe-polish is the only thing to clean guns with to protect them from rust in the tropics. And where there's shoe-polish, there's a marine!"

The End.





**THE BALD EAGLE** HITS A NEW "HIGH" IN HECTIC ADVENTURE-- **AND HOW!** BUT HE SOON COMES DOWN TO EARTH-- (THE STORY WILL TELL YOU HOW--) AND WITH ONLY SECONDS TO GO BEFORE THE FATAL HOUR OF MIDNIGHT--

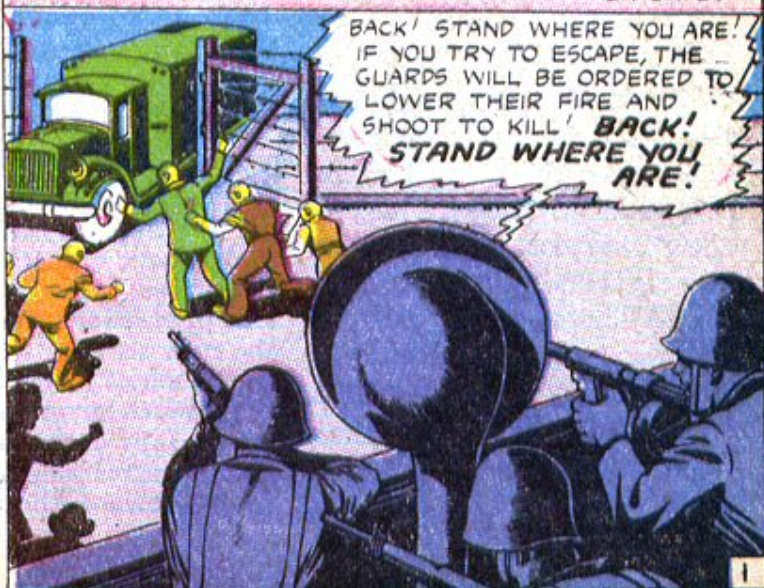
NIGHTFALL IN THE EXERCISE YARD OF AN INTERNEE CAMP, SOMEWHERE IN THE MID-WESTERN UNITED STATES!



ALL HAVE BEEN TOLD, HONORABLE MASTER, AND ONLY AWAIT THE SIGNAL!

GOOD! THE TRUCK COMES EACH NIGHT AT THE SAME TIME! THAT IS THE SIGNAL!

MOMENTS LATER...THE JAPS RUSH THE OPEN GATE!



BACK! STAND WHERE YOU ARE! IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, THE GUARDS WILL BE ORDERED TO LOWER THEIR FIRE AND SHOOT TO KILL! **BACK! STAND WHERE YOU ARE!**



15 MINUTES LATER--WITH THE RIOT OVER!



SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT THE WHOLE THING! WE TOOK A COUNT, **AND NOT ONE OF THE JAPS IS MISSING!**

HMM? NOT LIKE THE JAPS TO DO ANYTHING WITHOUT A GOOD REASON!

ONE HOUR LATER--NOT FAR FROM THE CAMP!



YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED IN ESCAPING, OH HONORABLE MASTER!

WE WILL OFFER OUR WORTHLESS THANKS TO THE GODS!

YOU ARE LATE! COME! THERE IS MUCH TO DO!

**RUSHMORE MONUMENT?**

BUT-- THAT IS AMERICAN MONUMENT! WE MAY BE DISCOVERED!

HA! HA! THE STUPID PIGS WOULD NEVER DREAM THAT I WOULD CHOOSE THAT AS MY HIDEOUT--



WORK HAS BEEN STOPPED ON IT SINCE OUR GLORIOUS ATTACK ON THE FILTHY DECADENT DOGS! FROM THERE I WILL DIRECT OUR NOBLE WORK! A REIGN OF SABOTAGE AND TERROR WILL SWEEP THE WHOLE COUNTRY!



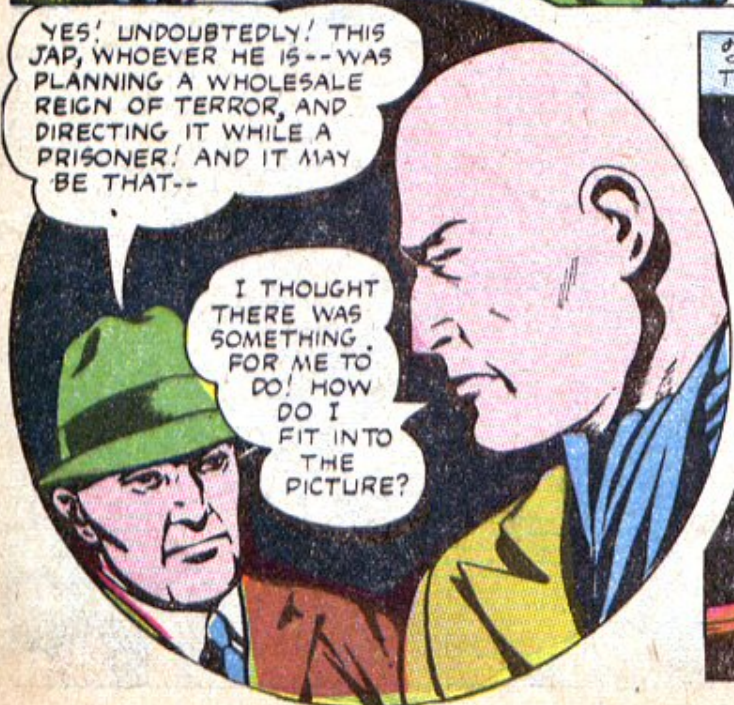
THE NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICE OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE...

ALL WE KNOW, IS THAT ONE OF THOSE JAPS IN THAT CAMP WAS THIS MASTER SPY AND SABOTEUR! WE TRIED TO LEARN HIS IDENTITY, BUT MUFFED--



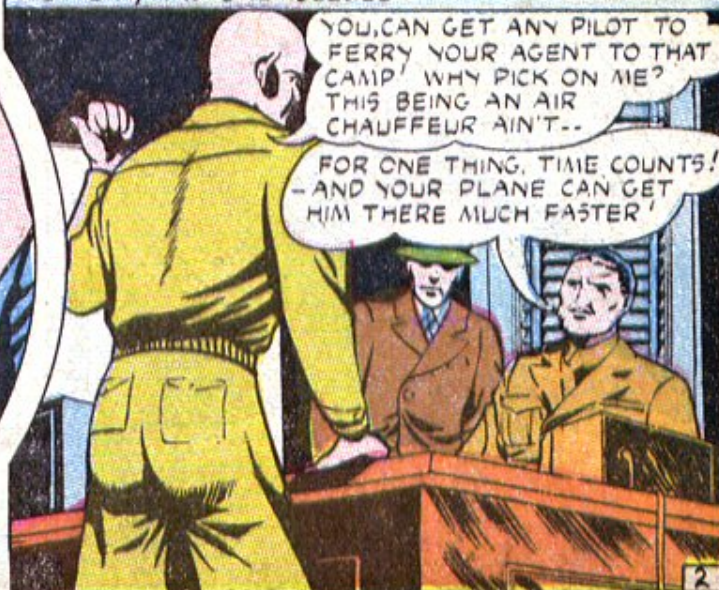
AND YOU THINK THAT LAST NIGHT'S RIOT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT!

YES! UNDOUBTEDLY! THIS JAP, WHOEVER HE IS-- WAS PLANNING A WHOLESALE REIGN OF TERROR, AND DIRECTING IT WHILE A PRISONER! AND IT MAY BE THAT--



I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FOR ME TO DO! HOW DO I FIT INTO THE PICTURE?

THE **BALD EAGLE** LEARNS OF THE PART HE IS TO PLAY, AND GRUMBLES--



YOU CAN GET ANY PILOT TO FERRY YOUR AGENT TO THAT CAMP! WHY PICK ON ME? THIS BEING AN AIR CHAUFFEUR AIN'T--

FOR ONE THING, TIME COUNTS! --AND YOUR PLANE CAN GET HIM THERE MUCH FASTER!



**H**OURS LATER FINDS THE **BALD EAGLE** FERRYING AN AMERICAN BORN JAP INTELLIGENCE AGENT TO HIS DESTINATION!

THIS FLYING COFFIN OF YOURS SURE IS A PIP! AND YOU'RE NOT SO BAD AT HANDLING HER EITHER!

THANKS! WE OUGHT TO BE THERE IN A FEW MINUTES! HEY! LOOK! THERE'S THE RUSHMORE MEMORIAL!

WHAT THE--??  
**HEY!** I THOUGHT THEY STOPPED WORK ON IT!

HURRY! GET UNDER COVER! THE PLANE MAY SPOT US!

YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS! OR IT MAY BE JUST A CARE-TAKER! SORRY! WE CAN'T STOP TO FIND OUT!

I'M GOING BACK TO HAVE A LOOK AFTER I DROP YOU!

**A**ND WITH THE AGENT LANDED--THE **BALD EAGLE** RETURNS!

DON'T SEE HIM NOW! **HEY, WAIT!** I WAS RIGHT! THAT THING LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE ROCK DRILLS! **AND THAT'S WHAT HE WAS DOING!** OKEY DOKEY! DOWN WE GO--

**A** PAIR OF BURNING EYES WATCH THE **BALD EAGLE** LAND!

AH! HE IS ALONE! THERE IS ONLY ONE ROAD THAT LEADS TO HERE! WE WILL PREPARE A WARM WELCOME!

**B**UT THE **BALD EAGLE** HAS IDEAS OF HIS OWN!

IF I'M RIGHT, AND SOMETHING'S UP, WHOEVER IS THERE COULD MAKE MINCE-MEAT OUT OF ME COMING UP THE ROAD!!--- SO-- WE'LL JUST COME UP BEHIND AND SEE WHO'S HOME!

**JAPS!!!** AND ALL SET FOR ME! WHEW! GOOD THING I DID! WHAT I DID!

HE SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW!

PERHAPS THEY KNOW ABOUT YOU BEING HERE --- AND---



**BALD EAGLE PREPARES TO ACT--AS THE CONVERSATION REVEALS THE IDENTITY OF THE JAP MASTER SABOTEUR!**

HERE WE GO!

THEY WOULD NEVER THINK THAT I ESCAPED DURING THE RIOT, AND ANOTHER SLIPPED IN AND TOOK MY PLACE!

AIN'T LIFE FULL OF SURPRISES? EH, RATS?

YOW! OUCH!

BY THE BONES OF MY ANCEST--  
OOOF!!!

**THE BALD EAGLE MORE THAN HOLDS HIS OWN AGAINST SUPERIOR NUMBERS--BUT FAILS TO SEE ANOTHER JAP ABOVE HIM!**

EASY DOES IT, NIPPO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MONKEYS ARE DOING HERE--BUT...

UGH! SHOOT, YOU FOOLS! HE IS THE **BALD EAGLE!**

--BUT I KNOW THAT THIS 'RAT' IS WANTED! AND HE'S GOING BACK WITH ME! **OOOFF!**

**BEFORE THE BALD EAGLE CAN RECOVER--THE JAPS ARE UPON HIM, AND HE IS MADE PRISONER!**

HAW! HAW! I DON'T THINK YOU LIKE THE IDEA VERY MUCH OF BEING SMACKED AROUND IN FRONT OF YOUR MEN, EH, WORM?

FOR WHICH YOU WILL PAY, **PIG!** BUT BEFORE YOU DO---

EACH OF THESE PINS DENOTES A CITY WHICH WILL BE SABOTAGED...BLOWING UP YOUR WAR PLANTS, AND KILLING THE WORKERS! AT MIDNIGHT I WILL RADIO THE SIGNAL! AND THEN--

--I WILL TOUCH OFF THE TONS OF DYNAMITE WE HAVE PLANTED HERE, AND THESE FOUR DETESTABLE HEADS OF YOUR PRESIDENTS WILL BLOW SKY HIGH! AND YOU WITH THEM! HA-HA-HA! A FITTING CLIMAX TO MY MASTER SABOTAGE PLAN!



WITH A PULLEY AND ROPE, THE BALD EAGLE IS HOISTED HIGH UP BEFORE ONE OF THE HUGE STONE HEADS.....

WOW! WE MUST BE A THOUSAND FEET UP! WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!

MOMENTS LATER-- THE **BALD EAGLE** IS ATOP THE GIGANTIC HEAD!

OKAY, NIP! GIVE OUT! WHY ARE YOU LOOSENING THE ROPES?

LEADER--HE SAY I DO! AFTER I SLIDE DOWN AND PULL ROPE...YOU'RE ALONE UP HERE! DIE SOON--NO CAN GET DOWN!

WITH THE JAPS GONE, THE BALD EAGLE SOON IS FREE OF HIS BONDS, AND IMMEDIATELY STARTS THINKING OF A PLAN OF ESCAPE.

THIS IS A SPOT! IF I GET OUT OF THIS I'LL BE NINE KINDS OF A WONDER! OOP! THERE GOES THE ROPE! WELL....I'LL GET NOWHERE STANDING HERE!

SORRY, MR. PRESIDENT! BUT THIS IS NECESSARY I KNOW YOU'LL PARDON MY TAKING THIS LIBERTY!

NOT YET! WAIT UNTIL HE REACHES THE EAR, AND TRIES TO MAKE HIS WAY DOWN! HA-HA!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! HOW COME THE NIPS DIDN'T FIGURE ON MY DOING THIS VERY THING?

SWELL! JUST AS I FIGURED! I CAN SLIDE DOWN THE NECK CORD AND FROM THERE JUMP TO THE SHOULDER! HEY! OOPS! I SHOULDA KNOWN THEY'D TRY SOME THING LIKE THIS!

A LAUGH FLOATS UP TO TAUNT THE HELPLESS AMERICAN!

HA-HA-HA!

IN A COUPLE OF HOURS IT WILL BE DARK! AND I'M HOPIN' IT WILL BE GOOD AND DARK! THEN LET 'EM TRY AND STOP ME!



WHILE WAITING...

THE **BALD EAGLE** EXPLORES THE HUGE EAR, AND DISCOVERS A COIL OF ROPE!

EUREKA! ROPE! THE WORKMEN MUST'VE LEFT IT! BOY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I WISH IT WOULD HURRY AND GET DARK!

LATER... ALL THE **BALD EAGLE'S** PLANS ARE SPOILED BY A BRIGHT MOONLIT NIGHT!

THIRTY MINUTES TILL MIDNIGHT, AND I CAN'T MAKE A MOVE!! THAT JAP SNIPER IS WATCHING ME LIKE A HAWK! TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS THERE HAD TO BE A MOON!

15 MINUTES LATER---

THE MOON BE HANGED!! I'M GOING DOWN! THAT JAP MUST NEVER GIVE THAT SIGNAL TO--**HEY!** HOLD EVERYTHING! THAT CLOUD! **YIPPEE!** IT'S GOING TO COVER THE MOON!

BOY-OH-BOY! I CAN GET BACK TO THE TOP, GET THAT PULLEY BEFORE THE MOON COMES OUT, AND MAKE MY WAY DOWN THE OTHER SIDE! THE NIPS'LL THINK I'M STILL IN THAT EAR!

GOT ABOUT EIGHT MINUTES BEFORE HE SIGNALS! NOW IF THIS HOOK HOLDS, I CAN GET DOWN TO THE SCAFFOLDING!

THE **BALD EAGLE** REACHES THE TOP, AND QUICKLY SNATCHING THE PULLEY, RACES FOR THE SIDE OF THE HEAD AWAY FROM THE WAITING JAPS!

**OOPS!** THERE COMES THE MOON! BETTER GET DOWN BEFORE THEY SEE ME!

HE MUST BE INSIDE! HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A LONG TIME!

KEEP A SHARP WATCH! IT IS TEN MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT! I AM GOING TO THE HUT TO GET READY! YOU LEAVE AT THREE MINUTES TO...AND RUN TO GET FREE OF THE BLAST!

MEANWHILE! WITH EVERY SECOND COUNTING--THE **BALD EAGLE** REACHES THE SHOULDER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GIANT BUST!





NOW WHAT?  
HOW DO I GET TO THE  
SCAFFOLDING? THE  
GROUND IS TOO FAR  
FOR ME TO CHANCE  
A DROP! **GOT IT!!**

**SWINGING LIKE A PENDULUM  
IN AN EVER-WIDENING ARC...**



A LITTLE MORE  
AND I CAN REACH  
THAT SCAFFOLDING!

THE BALD EAGLE LOOSENS HIS  
HOLD AND SAILS THRU THE AIR  
STRAIGHT FOR THE SCAFFOLDING,  
FROM WHICH HE CAN REACH THE  
GROUND!



**OOPS!** MADE IT  
BY INCHES! SIX  
MINUTES TO GO,  
AND PLENTY OF  
DISTANCE TO  
COVER!



**ONE MINUTE BEFORE MIDNIGHT---**

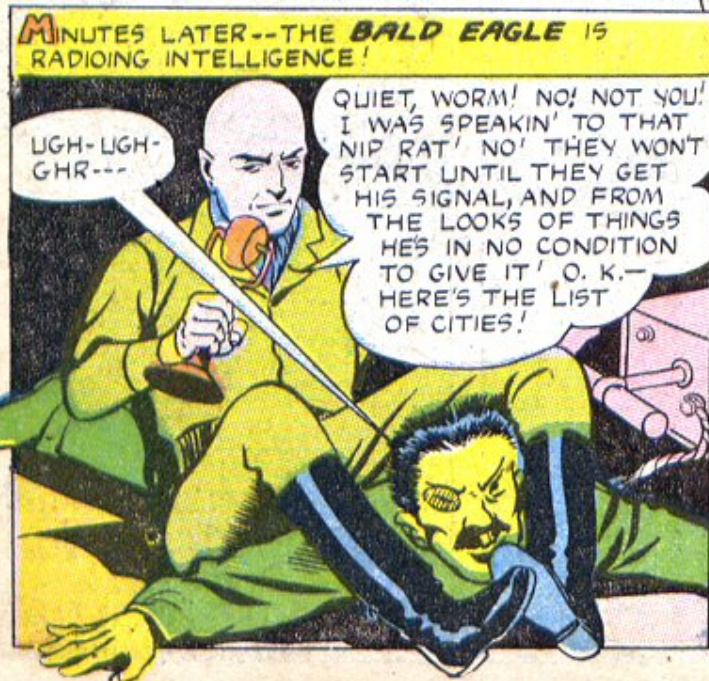
HA! IN SIXTY  
SECONDS I WILL  
GIVE THE  
SIGNAL,  
THEN PUSH  
THE PLUNGER  
AND THE  
BALD EAGLE--  
**ULP!!  
YOU!!**

DID I HEAR MY  
NAME MENTIONED?

WITH A SCREAM OF RAGE THE JAP LEADER  
ATTEMPTS TO GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE REIGN  
OF TERROR TO BEGIN!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW! I  
WILL RADIO THE SIGNAL, AND  
THEN BLOW UP THE FOUR  
DETESTABLE--- **OO-F-F!**

CAN'T I?  
WATCH ME! AND  
GET READY  
FOR A PIP OF A  
FACE MASSAGE!



**MINUTES LATER--THE BALD EAGLE IS  
RADIOING INTELLIGENCE!**

LGH- LGH-  
GHR---

QUIET, WORM! NO! NOT YOU!  
I WAS SPEAKING TO THAT  
NIP RAT! NO! THEY WON'T  
START UNTIL THEY GET  
HIS SIGNAL, AND FROM  
THE LOOKS OF THINGS  
HE'S IN NO CONDITION  
TO GIVE IT! O. K.--  
HERE'S THE LIST  
OF CITIES!

DAYS LATER....  
BACK AT IN-  
TELLIGENCE...  
WITH THE  
SPIES SAFE  
BEHIND BARS--

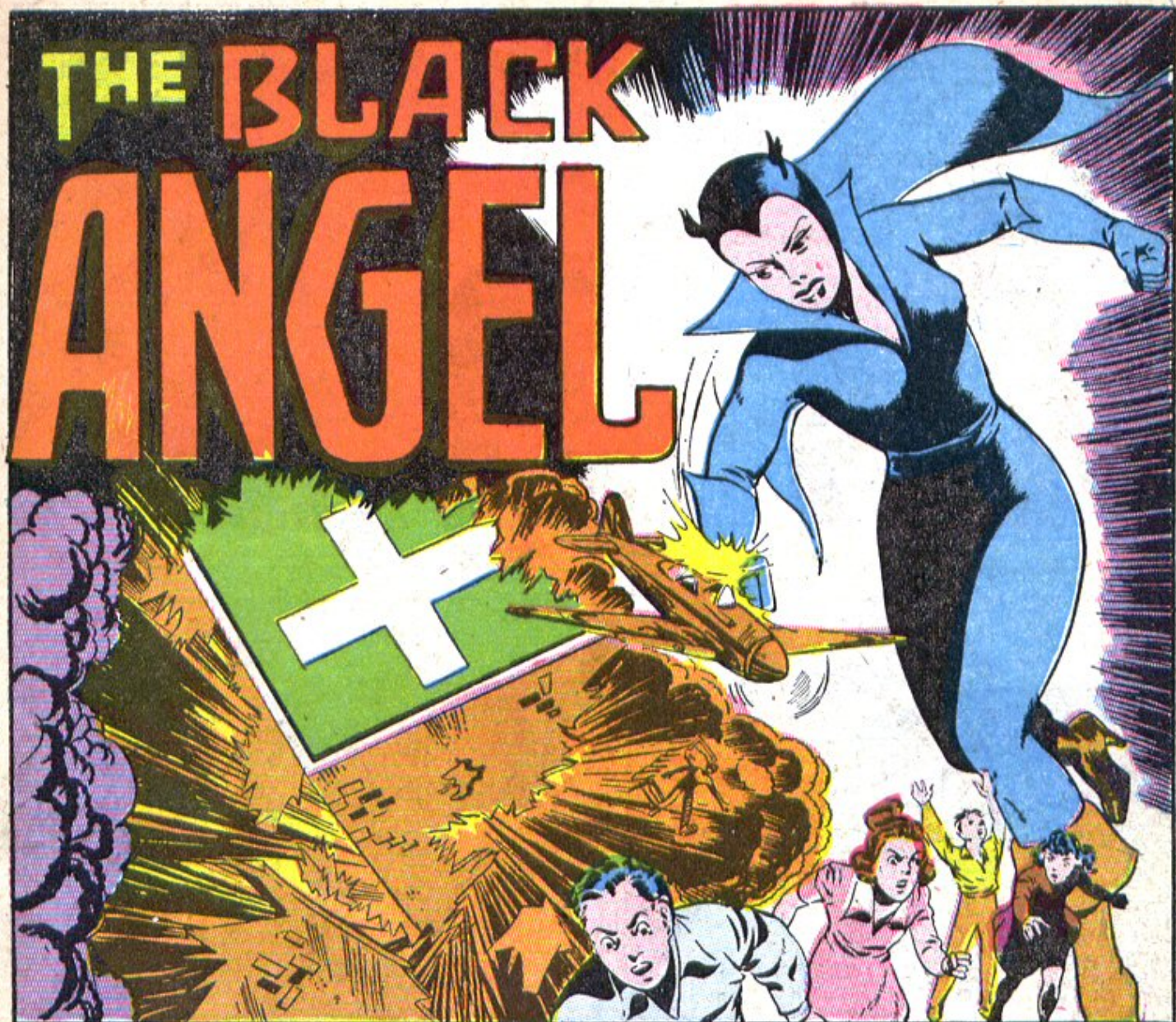
AND TO THINK THAT  
I COULD HAVE GRABBED  
HIM IF I ONLY LISTEN-  
ED TO YOU AND IN-  
VESTIGATED THE  
MONUMENT!

HA-HA!!  
YOU  
DON'T  
HAVE THE  
TRUE FEEL-  
ING FOR ART!  
THAT I  
HAVE---



AND ANOTHER RIP-SNORTING ADVENTURE  
AWAITS THE BALD EAGLE NEXT MONTH...  
IN THIS AIR FIGHTERS COMICS !!!





EVENING IN A LONDON RESTAURANT NEAR THE OFFICE OF THE AIR MINISTRY....

HMM--LISTEN TO THOSE OLD HENS CACKLING!

**DAILY BULLETIN**  
 NAZIS DENOUNCE THE  
 BOMBING OF SCHOOLS AND  
 HOSPITALS--CLAIM SLAUGHTER  
 OF THOUSANDS OF  
 CIVILIANS!

OH! IMAGINE  
 OUR R.A.F. BOYS  
 BOMBING  
 GERMAN  
 SCHOOLS AND  
 HOSPITALS !!

I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT  
 UNTIL I SAW THE PICTURES  
 OF ONE OF OUR PLANES  
 DOING  
 IT!

IT MUST BE  
 TRUE OR THE NAZIS  
 WOULDN'T INVITE  
 INVESTIGATION BY THE  
 RED CROSS  
 COMMITTEE!









TELL YOU OF OUR BOMBING TARGET FOR TONIGHT??  
--WHY--WHY--  
THAT'S UNHEARD OF-- IMPOSSIBLE!

BUT YOU MUST DO IT! SO I CAN BE ON THE SPOT TO WATCH THE NAZI RATS/ LIKE THAT POOR BOY WANTED TO DO!



THE BLACK ANGEL PREVAILS UPON THE GENERAL -- AND SOON HER PLANE WINGS OVER THE CHANNEL TOWARD THE VERY HEART OF GERMANY -- THE R.A.F. TARGET FOR THAT NIGHT!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT --  
**ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!!** TO ALL COMMANDERS OF SPECIAL DETAIL Y-37! LONDON AGENT REPORTS POSSIBILITY THAT ENGLISH FLYER ON WAY TO INVESTIGATE! THIS ENEMY AGENT MUST BE STOPPED AT ALL COSTS! ACHTUNG!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT THIS BRITISH AGENT WILL LAND IN OUR DISTRICT? THERE ARE ALMOST A HUNDRED OTHERS!

I AM HOPING THAT HE DOES! I HAVE A CLEVER PLAN IN MIND!

WHY STOP THE BRITISH AGENT? THAT WOULD CONFIRM THE ENGLISH PIGS' SUSPICIONS THAT THOSE BOMBINGS ARE A TRICK! WHY NOT PUT ON A SHOW THAT WOULD CONVINCE THIS AGENT, AND THEN LET HIM ESCAPE!



MEANWHILE THE BLACK ANGEL SWOOPS DOWN IN A FIELD OUTSIDE THE INDUSTRIAL CITY THAT IS TO BE BOMBED THAT NIGHT!

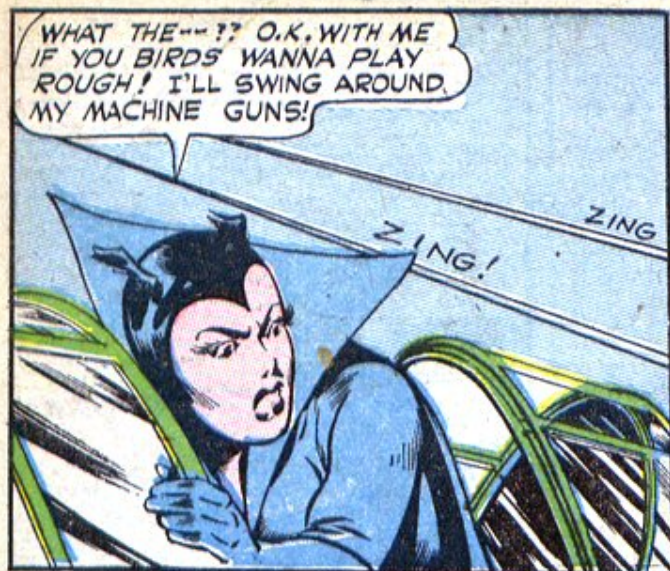
HMM-- SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO GET SOME BRANCHES AND CAMOUFLAGE MY PLANE UNDER THOSE TREES!

VY DON'T VE SHOOT DER PILOT NOW!



DUMBKOPF! VAIT UNTIL DER PILOT GETS OUT! OUR ORDERS ARE NOT TO HARM DER PLANE! DERE HE GOES!!  
**FIRE!!!**



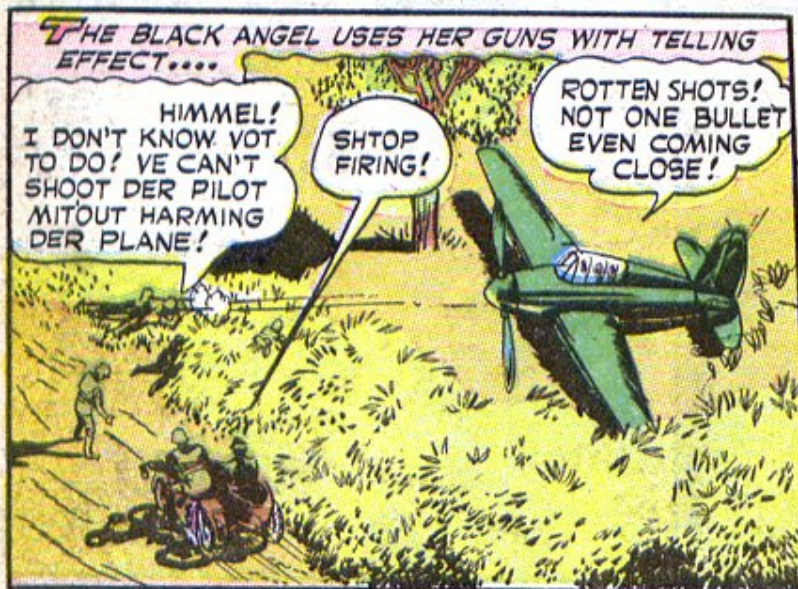


WHAT THE--?? O.K. WITH ME IF YOU BIRDS WANNA PLAY ROUGH! I'LL SWING AROUND MY MACHINE GUNS!



MEANWHILE THE MAJOR IN COMMAND HEARS OF THE BRITISH PLANE'S LANDING--

TZUM TEUFEL! THEY WILL KILL THE PILOT AND SPOIL MY PLAN! SERGEANT! MAYBE IT IS NOT TOO LATE! STOP THEM!!



THE BLACK ANGEL USES HER GUNS WITH TELLING EFFECT....

HIMMEL! I DON'T KNOW VOT TO DO! VE CAN'T SHOOT DER PILOT MITOUT HARMING DER PLANE!

SHTOP FIRING!

ROTTEN SHOTS! NOT ONE BULLET EVEN COMING CLOSE!



SOMETHING FISHY-- THEY'VE SUDDENLY STOPPED, AND TAKEN TO THEIR HEELS! SOMETHING'S UP-- AND I'M SEEING IT THROUGH!

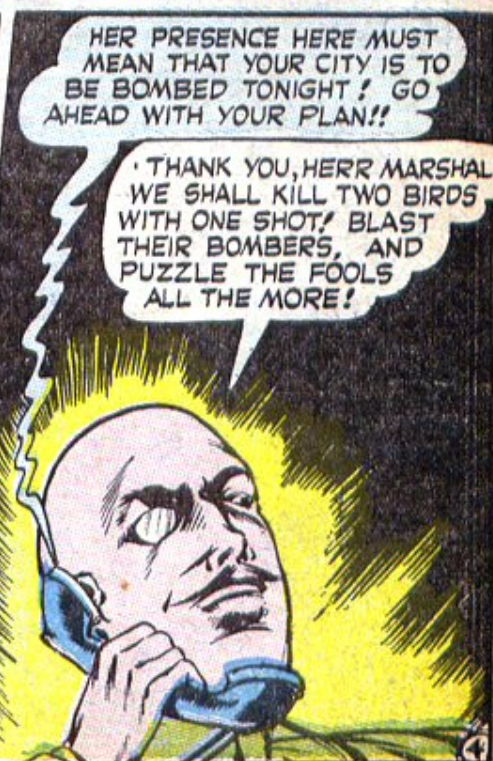


THERE! THAT'LL DO IT! THOSE RATS EXPECT ME TO LIGHT OUT-- BUT I'LL FOOL 'EM AND STAY! NOW TO GO INTO TOWN AND SEE WHAT I CAN SEE!



UND T DER PILOT IS GOING INTO DER CITY AFTER HIDING DER PLANE! UND IT IS A WOMAN-- DER BLACK ANGEL! I RECOGNIZED HER!

THE BLACK ANGEL! TOO BAD SHE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE! I WOULD ENJOY HAVING HER SHOT!



HER PRESENCE HERE MUST MEAN THAT YOUR CITY IS TO BE BOMBED TONIGHT! GO AHEAD WITH YOUR PLAN!!

THANK YOU, HERR MARSHALL! WE SHALL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE SHOT! BLAST THEIR BOMBERS, AND PUZZLE THE FOOLS ALL THE MORE!



**THE NAZI PUTS HIS PLAN INTO OPERATION....**



BUT, HERR MAJOR, HE IS ONE OF YOUR OWN MEN!

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! SEE THAT SCHMIDT'S PLANE IS SHOT DOWN, AFTER HE BOMBS THE SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL!

**MEANWHILE THE BLACK ANGEL WANDERS THROUGH THE CITY...!**

WHAT IS THIS SPECIAL MISSION OF YOURS, HANS!

FRAU SCHMIDT, FOR AN OFFICER'S WIFE YOU ASK ENTIRELY TOO MANY QUESTIONS! -- OOPS! --

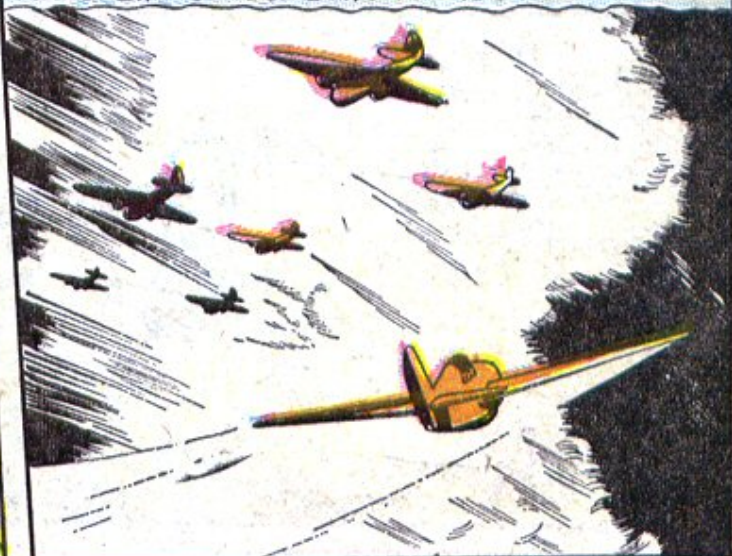
GETTING DARK! I'D BETTER GET BACK! -- OO-OO! -- SORRY!



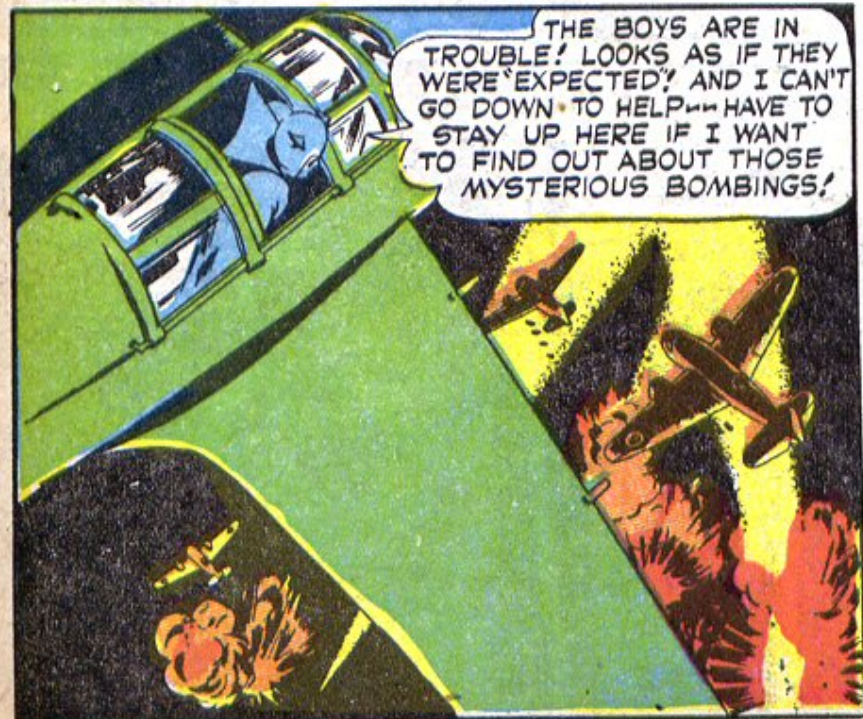
YES, SIR -- SOMETHING ROTTEN'S UP! GOT ME PUZZLED -- CITY IS MUCH TOO QUIET! -- THEN THAT BUSINESS OF LETTING ME LAND SO EASY AND GET AWAY -- WELL -- WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!!



**THE BRITISH BOMBERS ATTACK --**



THE BOYS ARE IN TROUBLE! LOOKS AS IF THEY WERE EXPECTED! AND I CAN'T GO DOWN TO HELP -- HAVE TO STAY UP HERE IF I WANT TO FIND OUT ABOUT THOSE MYSTERIOUS BOMBINGS!



**LATER..WITH THE RAID OVER --**

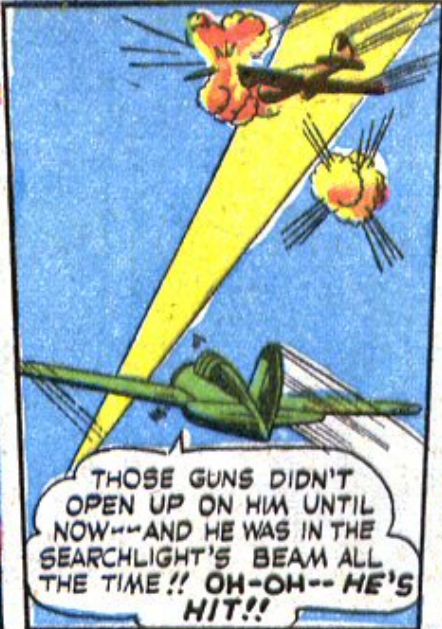
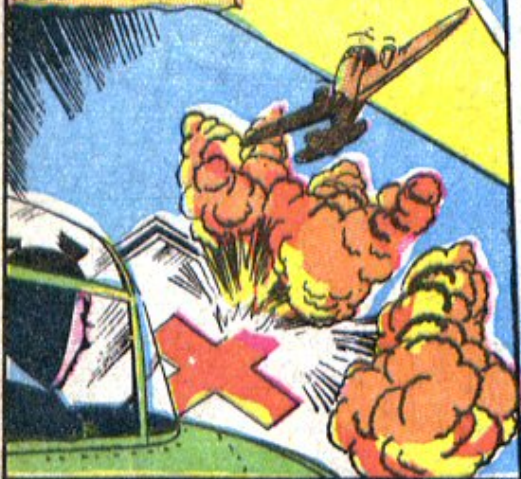
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING! HEY! WHA -- ? LOOKS LIKE A BRITISH MEDIUM BOMBER! I THOUGHT THEY'D ALL RETURNED HOME!

WHERE DID THAT COME FROM ??





**THE BLACK ANGEL TRAILS THE BRITISH PLANE--AND WATCHES IT DELIBERATELY BOMB A SCHOOL AND A PLAINLY-MARKED HOSPITAL....**



THOSE GUNS DIDN'T OPEN UP ON HIM UNTIL NOW--AND HE WAS IN THE SEARCHLIGHT'S BEAM ALL THE TIME!! OH-OH--HE'S HIT!!

**THE "BRITISH" PLANE CRASHES--AND BLACK ANGEL SWOOPS DOWN AFTER IT----**



GOT TO GET THAT PILOT OUT OF THAT INFERNO! HOPE HE'S ALIVE!

**QUICKLY HAULING THE PILOT OUT OF THE BURNING PLANE, THE BLACK ANGEL TAKES OFF HIS GOGGLES AND HELMET!**

WHAAAA?? THIS GUY ISN'T AN ENGLISHMAN! HE'S THE NAZI I ALMOST KNOCKED OVER ON THAT STREET CORNER!!



LIEUTENANT SCHMIDT!! DRESSED AS A BRITISH FLYER, AND USING A BRITISH PLANE TO MURDER NAZI WOMEN AND CHILDREN!!

YES, BLACK ANGEL! WE WANTED YOUR STUPID PEOPLE TO BELIEVE YOUR FLYERS WERE DOING IT!!



THAT WOULD CAUSE INTERNAL STRIFE, AND SO HELP OUR CAUSE! TOO BAD YOU FOUND OUT THE TRUTH! NOW YOU MUST DIE!!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!!

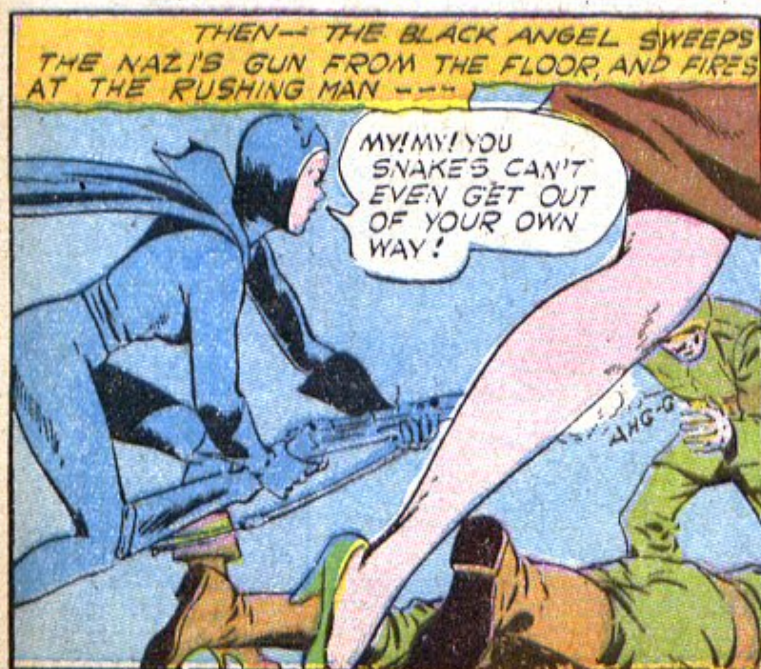
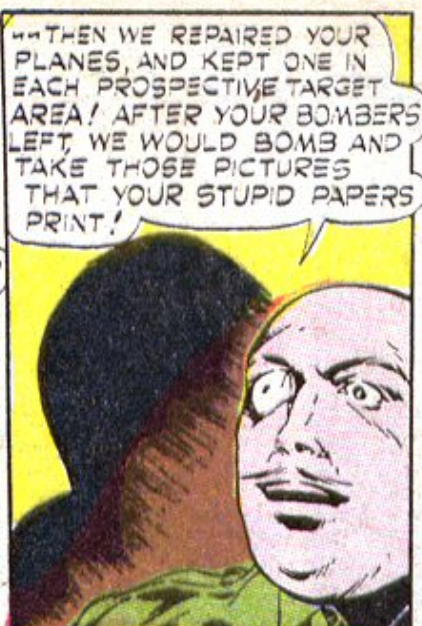


I WANT TO ASK HER A FEW QUESTIONS BEFORE I HAVE HER SHOT!

YOU'LL BE WASTING YOUR FOUL BREATH! LET ME GO! OUCH! MY FEET!! OUCH! MINE HAND!









**THE BLACK ANGEL PLANS A 'WELCOME' FOR THE REINFORCEMENTS....**

NOW--WATCH, AND SEE THE REAL TECHNIQUE OF SQUASHING WORMS!



**THE CLUBBED RIFLE COMES DOWN THREE TIMES IN RAPID SUCCESSION!**

UGH! I WASN'T CUT OUT FOR THIS SORT OF STUFF, BUT IT'S THE ONLY THING YOU BABIES UNDERSTAND!



DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! THEY WILL KILL ME! TAKE ME WITH YOU!

YOU SAID IT, SISTER! YOU'RE GOING TO TELL YOUR STORY TO THE WHOLE WORLD! IN YOU GO, RATS!



WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME SHOOT THE MAJOR? WHY DID YOU STOP ME?

YOU **NAZIS!** O.K., LADY-- IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! GOT IT FROM SEEING ALL THAT AMMUNITION!!



**MOMENTS LATER THE BLACK ANGEL'S PLANE IS IN THE AIR!**

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THAT BUTTON, AND THAT'LL SEND MY BOMBS STRAIGHT DOWN ON YOUR MAJOR!

YES! TELL ME WHEN! THE BLOOD-THIRSTY RAT! I'D LIKE TO KILL HIM AND ALL THE OTHERS WHO HAVE BEEN MURDERING OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN!



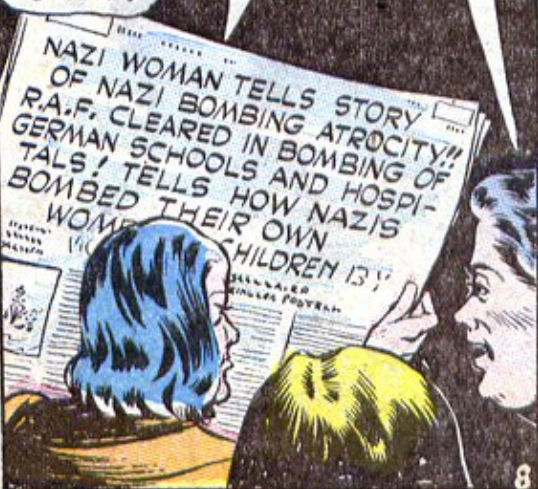
**WHAMMO! THAT DID IT, SISTER! I'D CALL THAT SOME KIND OF POETIC JUSTICE! ENGLAND AHOY!**



**THE NEXT NIGHT-- IN THAT SAME RESTAURANT!**

I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! OUR BOYS WOULD NEVER STOOP TO THAT!

OF COURSE! I NEVER DOUBTED THEM A MOMENT!!



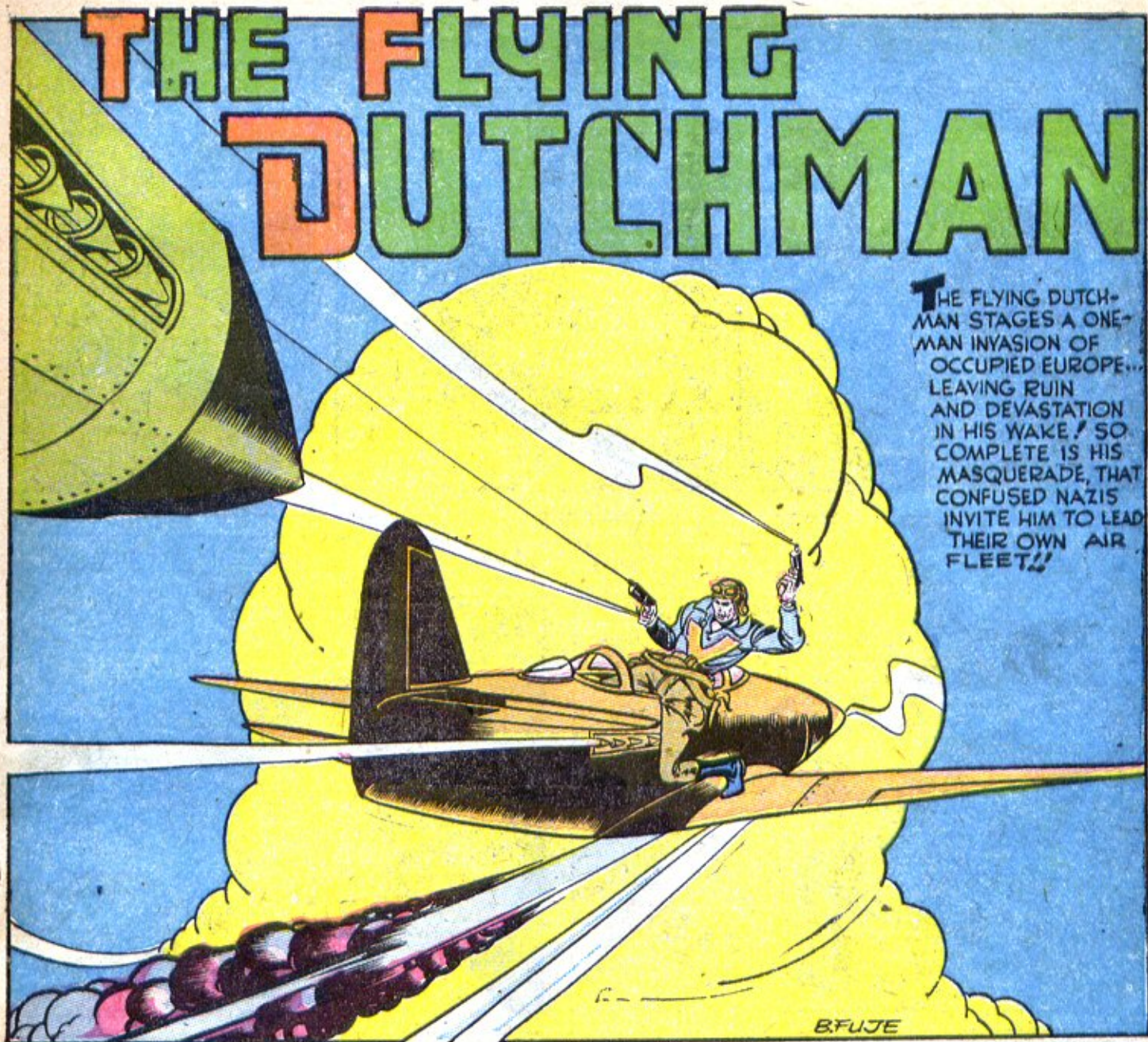
**AND ACTION... THRILLS... SUSPENSE... FILL ANOTHER BLACK ANGEL ADVENTURE...**

**IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF AIR FIGHTERS COMICS!!!**



# THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

**T**HE FLYING DUTCHMAN STAGES A ONE-MAN INVASION OF OCCUPIED EUROPE... LEAVING RUIN AND DEVASTATION IN HIS WAKE! SO COMPLETE IS HIS MASQUERADE, THAT CONFUSED NAZIS INVITE HIM TO LEAD THEIR OWN AIR FLEET!!



**A**N R.A.F. FIGHTER BASE---SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND---

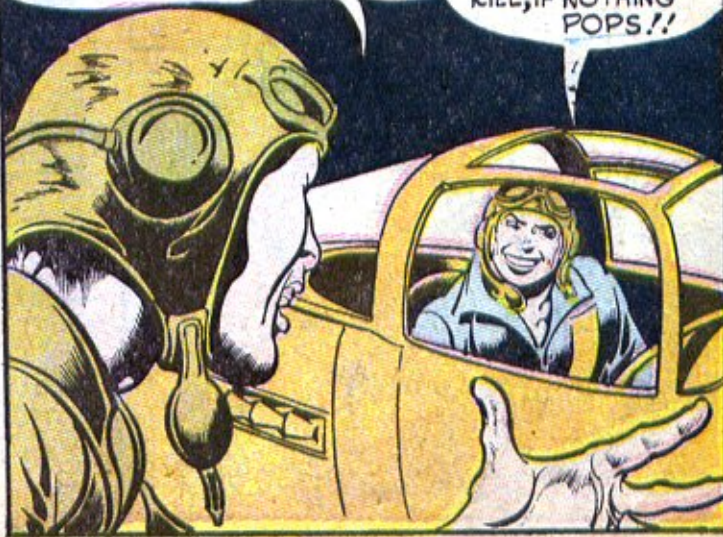
GOSH, DUTCHMAN--WISH I COULD COME AND GO AS I PLEASE, THE WAY YOU DO! WE HAVE TO WAIT FOUR HOURS BEFORE GOING ON A SWEEP OVER KIEL!

HEY! YOU'LL BE SHOT FOR GIVING AWAY A MILITARY SECRET!



YOU'RE A CLOSED-MOUTHED ONE, DUTCHMAN-- BUT WHEREVER YOU'RE GOING--GOOD HUNTING!

THANKS! MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU FELLOWS OVER KIEL, IF NOTHING POPS!!





THEN--AS THE POWERFUL PLANE OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN WINGS HIGH OVER OCCUPIED FRANCE--SEARCHING FOR ENEMY PLANES

LOOKS LIKE 'JERRY' IS KEEPING CLOSE TO THE GROUND TODAY---OH, OH, GUESS I SPOKE TOO SOON--!



DIVING FROM A CLOUD AND MAKING STRAIGHT FOR THE FLYING DUTCHMAN COMES A NAZI PLANE WITH A STRANGE INSIGNIA



AH! I SEEM TO RECOGNIZE DOT ONE-- IT'S DER FLYING DUTCHMAN--!

...THE INSIGNIA OF TWO MONKEYS!! HE'S THAT NEW RAT WHO SNEAKS UP ON CRIPPLES COMING FROM RAIDS--AND MACHINE-GUNS PILOTS IN CHUTES--- UP WE GO---!!



WHEN BEGINS A VICIOUS DOG-FIGHT AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN KNOWS HE IS UP AGAINST A MASTER FIGHTER--!



BOY!! THIS BABY IS PLENTY TOUGH!! HE'S BEEN THROUGH THE MILL BEFORE!! THAT LAST ONE WAS CLOSE!!

THEN THE FLYING DUTCHMAN IS ON THE NAZI'S TAIL--!

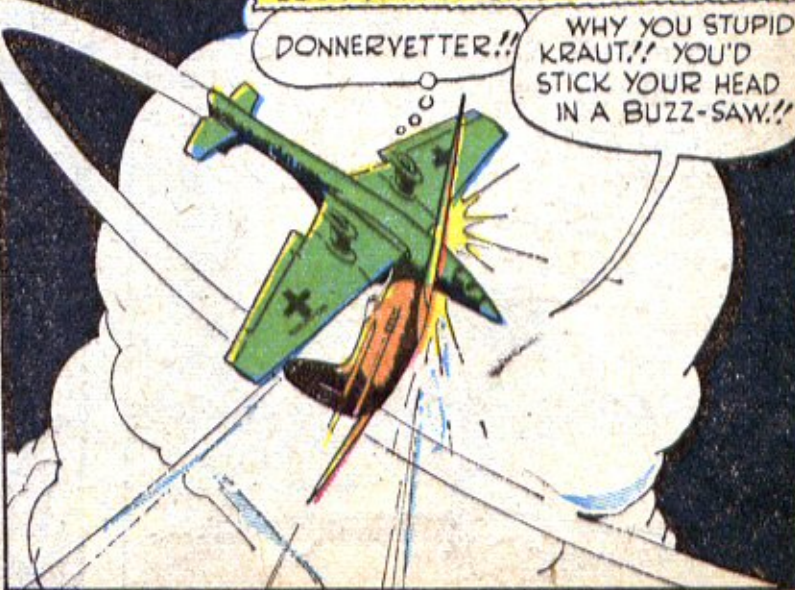


NO YOU DON'T, NAZI!! I'M STICKING--NO MATTER WHAT!! THIS IS WHERE YOU BOW OUT!!

HA--HA--- HE THINKS HE HAS ME--NOW TO TRY MY TRICK THAT NEVER FAILS-- AND GOODBYE TO ANOTHER FILTHY ALLIED PIG!!!



SUDDENLY THE NAZI LOOPS CRAZILY--THE TWO PLANES LOCK WITH A TERRIFIC IMPACT!!

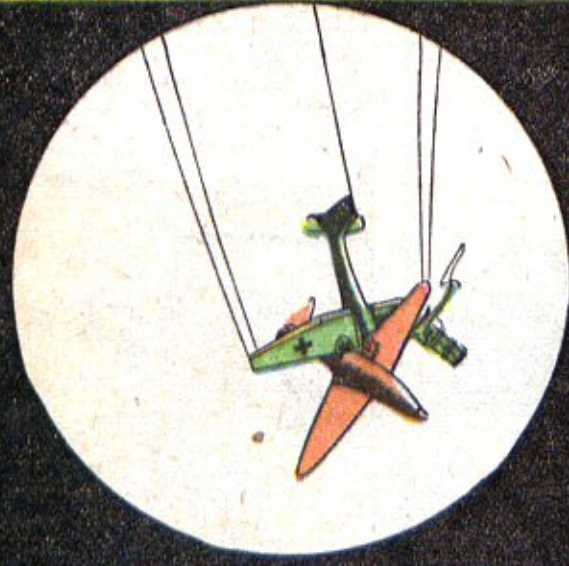


DONNERVETTER!!

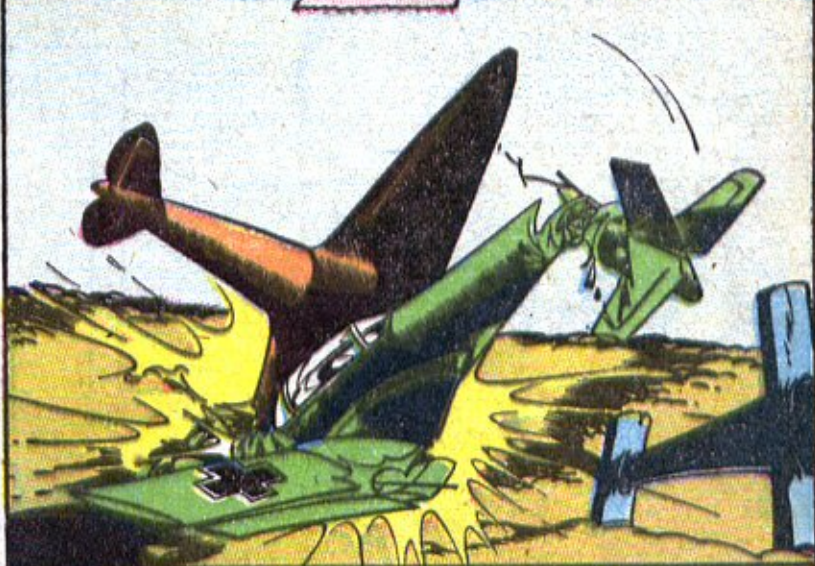
WHY YOU STUPID KRAUT!! YOU'D STICK YOUR HEAD IN A BUZZ-SAW!!



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN FIGHTS TO FREE HIS PLANE FROM THE DEATH GRIP!

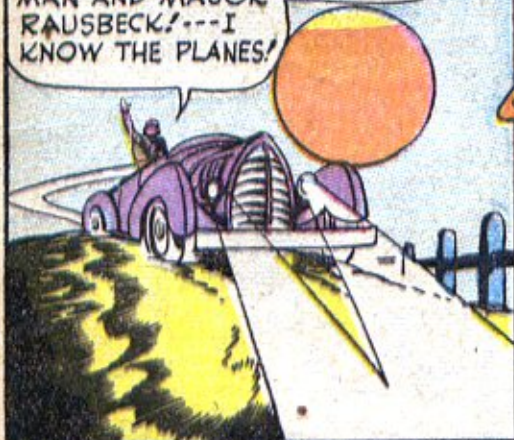


THE NAZI PLANE FEELS THE BRUNT OF THE HEAVY CRASH!



FROM AN AIRFIELD NEARBY A CAR RACES TOWARD THE SCENE--!

FASTER! FASTER--THEY LANDED OVER IN THAT FIELD! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE FLYING DUTCHMAN AND MAJOR RAUSBECK!---I KNOW THE PLANES!



STUNNED BUT UNHURT, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN RECOVERS HIS SENSES!

LOOKS LIKE THE NAZI'S DONE FOR!---WONDER WHAT HIS NAME WAS? BEEN SORT OF A MYSTERY MAN!

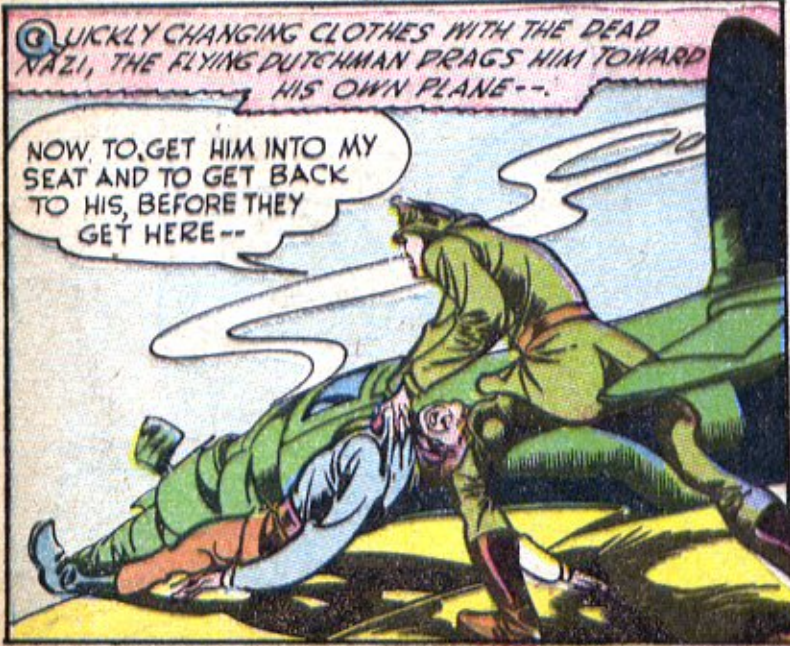


THE WALLET SHOULD SHOW IT! THIS HAS TO BE FAST! THAT CAR IS COMING!



QUICKLY CHANGING CLOTHES WITH THE DEAD NAZI, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN DRAGS HIM TOWARD HIS OWN PLANE--

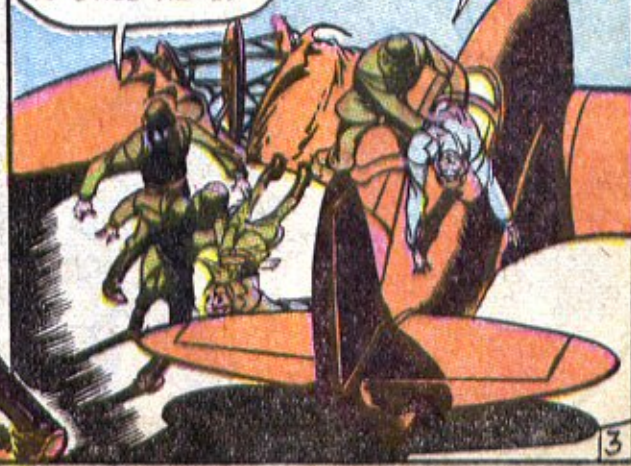
NOW, TO GET HIM INTO MY SEAT AND TO GET BACK TO HIS, BEFORE THEY GET HERE--



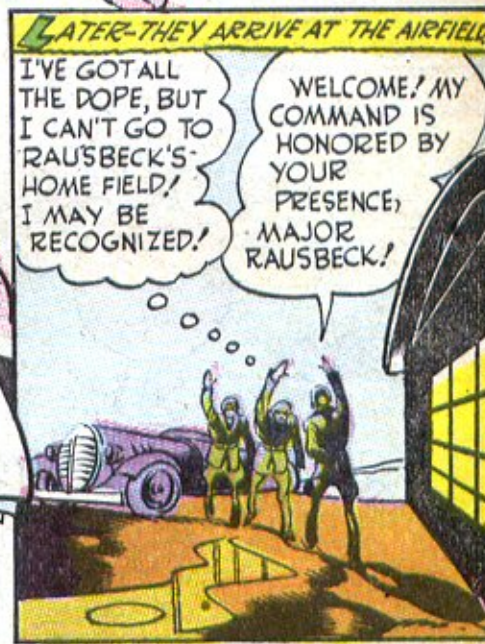
THEN---

AND LOOK--- DER MAJOR IS STILL ALIVE!

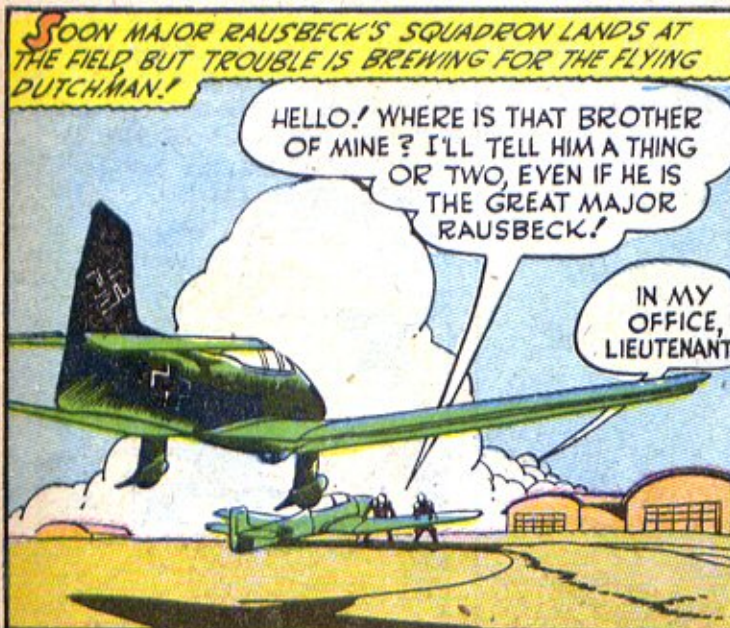
DER FLYING DUTCHMAN IS DEAD! MAJOR RAUSBECK HAS FINISHED HIM!













**THE FLYING DUTCHMAN FIRES THE FIRST OF THE WELLS AS THE AMAZED NAZI AIRMEN ZOOM ABOUT HIM, VAINLY TRYING TO STOP THE DESTRUCTION!**

I FELT THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! THAT IS NOT RAUSBECK--ONLY ONE MAN CAN FLY LIKE THAT--IT MUST BE THE FLYING DUTCHMAN---



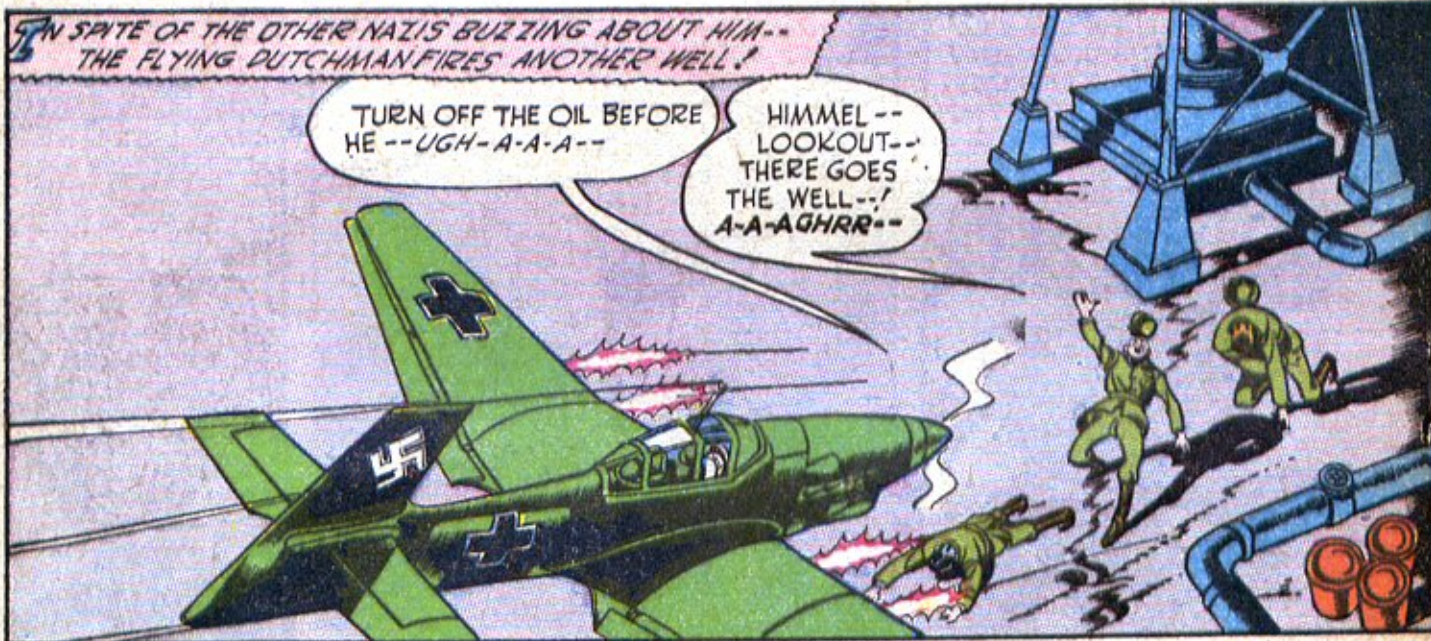
GOT THAT BABY TOO!! NOW TO GET A CRACK AT ANOTHER WELL-- AND THEN FOR HOME---



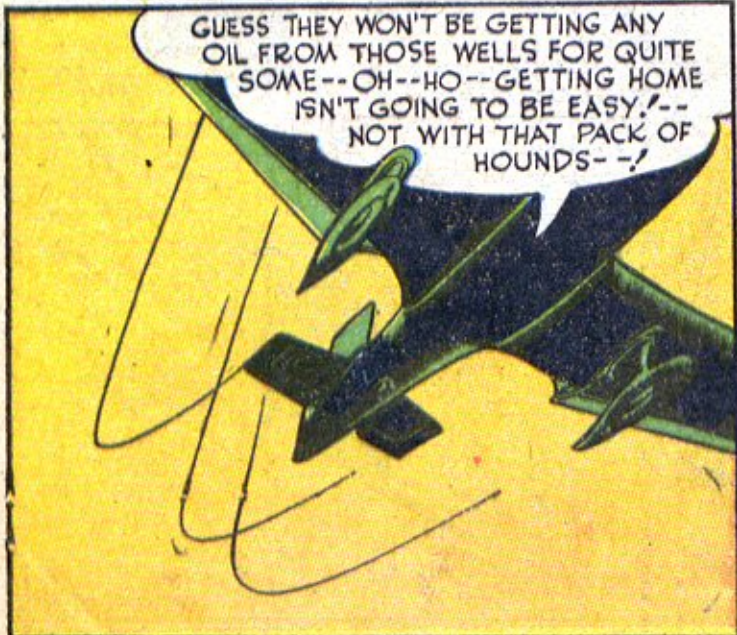
**IN SPITE OF THE OTHER NAZIS BUZZING ABOUT HIM-- THE FLYING DUTCHMAN FIRES ANOTHER WELL!**

TURN OFF THE OIL BEFORE HE --UGH-A-A-A--

HIMMEL -- LOOKOUT-- THERE GOES THE WELL--! A-A-AGHRR--



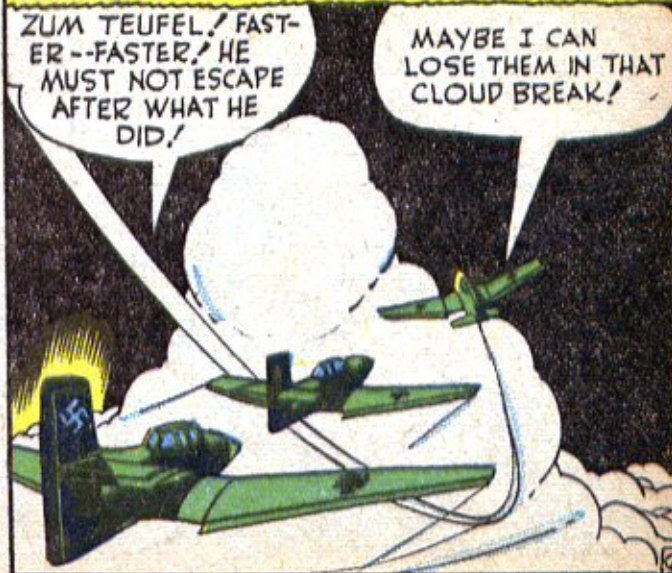
GUESS THEY WON'T BE GETTING ANY OIL FROM THOSE WELLS FOR QUITE SOME--OH--HO--GETTING HOME ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY!-- NOT WITH THAT PACK OF HOUNDS--!



**THE CHASE IS ON, AS THE FLYING DUTCHMAN STREAKS FOR ENGLAND--!**

ZUM TEUFEL! FASTER--FASTER! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE AFTER WHAT HE DID!

MAYBE I CAN LOSE THEM IN THAT CLOUD BREAK!





DESPITE HIS EFFORTS TO SHAKE THEM, THE NAZI PILOTS PURSUE THE FLYING DUTCHMAN RELENTLESSLY.

OH WELL, THEY CAN'T GET ANY CLOSER, 'CAUSE WE'RE ALL FLYING THE SAME TYPE OF PLANE WITH THE SAME SPEED-- HEY! WAIT---

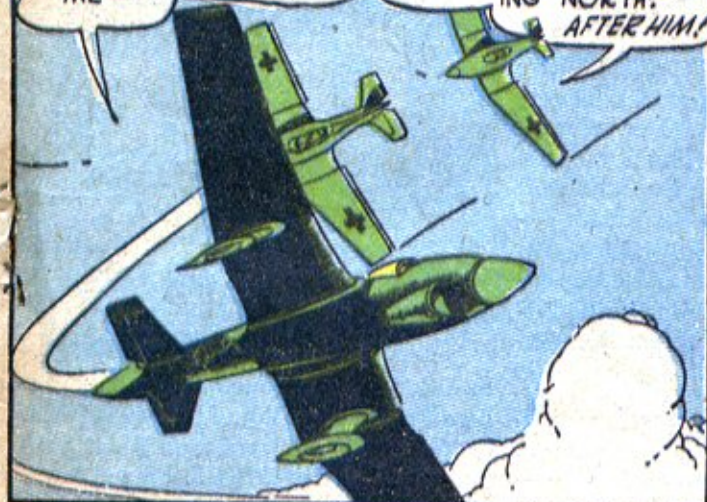


I REMEMBER THAT R.A.F. PILOT TELLING ME ABOUT GOING ON A SWEEP OVER KIEL IN FOUR HOURS! THAT MEANS THAT THEY SHOULD BE ON THEIR WAY BACK BY NOW--! IF ONLY IT WORKS. ANYHOW I'LL TRY IT--



HOPE THEY DON'T MAKE TOO MUCH OF MY CHANGE IN COURSE! NOW, IF THEY'LL ONLY FOLLOW ME--

TZUM TEUFEL! WE'RE NEAR THE CHANNEL AND CAN'T CATCH HIM! ACH VASS? HE'S CHANGING NORTH! AFTER HIM!



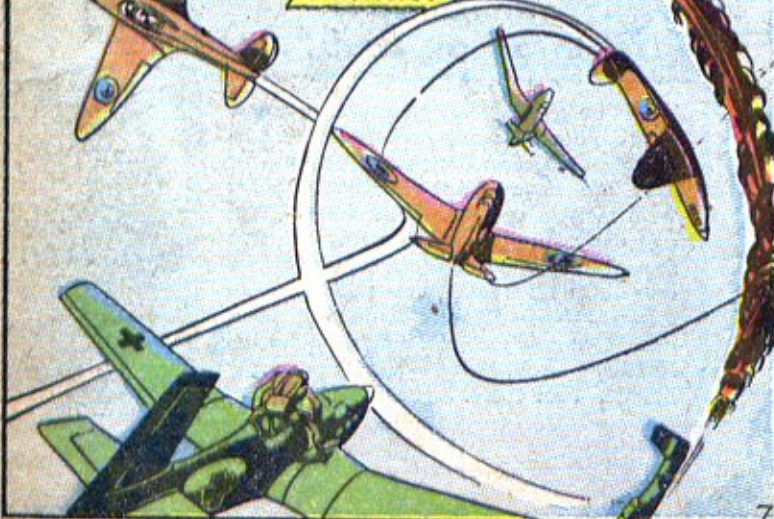
MINUTES LATER--THE PLAN WORKS, AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN LEADS THE UNSUSPECTING NAZIS STRAIGHT FOR THE R.A.F. FIGHTER SWEEP.

MAJOR STREETER, TO ALL PLANES-- NAZI FORMATION BELOW! PREPARE TO ENGAGE--

OH/OH! I CLEAN FORGOT! I'M FLYING A NAZI PLANE TOO!



THE AIR IS FILLED WITH SCREAMING, FIRE-SPITTING PLANES, AS THE SURPRISED NAZIS ARE COMPLETELY SHATTERED BY THE BRITISH ATTACK!



I'LL GET OUT OF THESE NAZI DUDS AS SOON AS I HIT THE CHANNEL! HOPE I GET PICKED UP SOON! NO FUN WAITING FOR HOURS ON A BRITISH BOUY! --AND IN MY BIRTHDAY SUIT!



..SO DO WE HOPE YOU ARE PICKED UP, FLYING DUTCHMAN-- FOR WE WANT YOU TO "DEAL OUT" YOUR OWN BRAND OF ANTI-NAZI REVENGE-- IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF THIS AIR FIGHTERS COMICS!!



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Printed on Each!...

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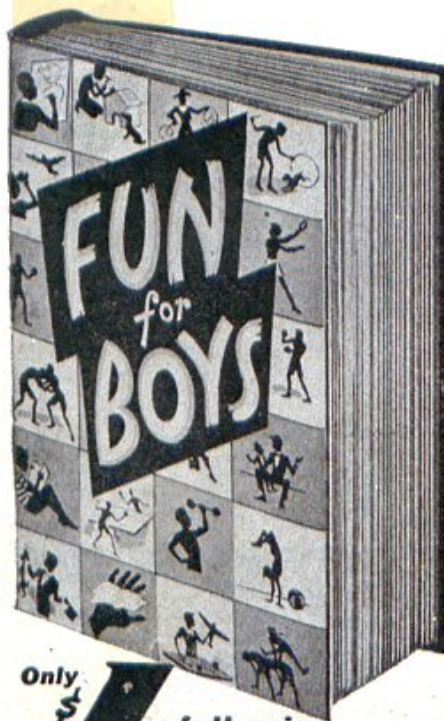
We will personally imprint your own name, or any name you select, on 10 lovely, gorgeously-illustrated Christmas Folders—for only 25c! If you send \$1.00 for four sets we'll include one additional set **FREE** of any extra charge—thus giving you five sets or fifty Xmas folders, imprinted, for only \$1.00! Each set of Xmas folders will be different—five different beautiful designs, each containing perfect sentiment for the Holidays! Order **NOW**—supply positively limited. First come, first served!

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